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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

SINCE there is no machinery by which universities make public their changes of policy regarding the admission or exclusion of various classes of students, we have no official knowledge of the decisions reached by the University of Toronto and Queen's University on the admission of applicants who are refugees from Nazi Germany or persons of Japanese racial origin. Our information is, however, that these universities are now declining to admit applicants who are Jewish refugees from Germany, and applicants who are of Japanese descent but Canadian birth. If this information is incorrect we shall be only too glad to correct it. We hasten to add that in the case of the University of Toronto, which is a confederation of colleges, the decision is reported to be that of the university itself and not that of the federated colleges, two at least of which are said to be contemplating disregarding it.

The exclusion of applicants on any such grounds as these appears to us to be morally wrong and completely indefensible. If it is argued that the university authorities are merely conforming to an alleged order from Mr. Hepburn, intimating that Ontario government grants will be withdrawn from institutions which admit these students, we can only reply that in that event the universities should make a stand against an unjustifiable use of the government's financial power, and rely on public opinion and the support of their friends to see them through.

MILITARY TRAFFIC CONTROL IS HIS JOB: A BRITISH TANK POLICEMAN POINTS THE WAY FOR AN ARMOURED COLUMN ON THE MOVE. OTHER PICTURES, PAGE 2.

Chuhaldin Program

IT IS now many years since we first drew attention to the artistic importance of the radio programs designed and conducted by Alexander Chuhaldin, which have ever since—though not at all times as adequately financed as their potentialities would justify — been among the small list of radio offerings generally accepted by musicians all over the continent as worthy to rank with the best things of the kind in Europe. It is therefore somewhat disturbing to find that the CBC has up to the time of writing made no provision for the return to the air of this valuable international broadcast after its customary summer vacation. Considerations of popularity must of course be kept in mind by CBC programmakers; but it seems scarcely conceivable that the taste for distinguished music skilfully arranged and played by a small orchestra of good string performers can have disappeared almost overnight. It is true that this is wartime; but we fancy that for that very reason sensitive listeners are more disposed to want a quiet, restrained, "composed" and restful sort of music than in times of peace.

Messrs. Hepburn and Buck

THE somewhat surprising alliance between the Hon. Mitchell Hepburn and the presumably soon-to-be Hon. Tim Buck, which is described elsewhere in this issue by Raymond Arthur Davies, is apparently regarded, by those who admire one or the other of the participants, as affording promise of an effective campaign for the intensification of Canada's war effort. We should like to be able to share this view, but we have never been able to regard either Mr. Hepburn or Mr. Buck as reliable guides for the military policy of this Dominion, even when they were violently opposed to one-another, and we cannot change our feelings merely because they are now in agreement.

Nevertheless we do welcome the alliance, for one and only one reason. However great may be Mr. Hepburn's disregard for the fetters of consistency, we are entirely confident that he cannot have gone Communist, and that his alliance with the Communists is merely for the purpose of getting what he can out of them. That means that the Communist party is no longer alone in the game of cashing in on the popularity and prestige of Russia. That Mr. Buck would have much preferred to be left alone we have little doubt; but he had no choice in the matter. He has thus far had all the advantages, including that of being outlawed by the Dominion in deference to the views of a province which Ontario does not greatly love, and being a lifelong supporter of the political system of a country whose belligerent qualities today command our universal admiration and gratitude. It was not to be expected that he could keep all his advantages to himself, and from now on he and his party will have to share with the Hepburnian Liberals whatever credit and popularity may be acquired from a close association with the hammer and sickle.

This is a United Front of the kind which the Communists were fond of advocating during all but two of the last six or seven years. But for once we have a strong idea that it was not the Communists who promoted it, and it will not be the Communists who will get most out of it. The party which will lose most by it is the Dominion Government; and nobody can say that the loss is not its own fault. It has shown consistent ineptitude about the Communist party throughout. It need never have outlawed it, for it could have interned all its leaders during the first two years of the war, without having to prove their Communism, by merely showing that they were flagrantly and consistently obstructing the war effort. It would then never have had to put itself in the illogical position of maintaining the ban on a party which is now strongly pro-war, while at the same time releasing its leaders. Adherence to the basic principles of British liberalism would have saved it from all its present embarrassment.

Needed, A Plan

IT IS now some weeks since we expressed in these columns a measure of doubt as to whether the economic controls of this country were being designed and applied with any great unity of purpose or any great consistency of plan. Our doubt has not been lessened by the experience which the country has now had of the operations of a very large amount of manpower control. That manpower control seems to us to have been exerted in a haphazard manner, with little reference to any clear and complete design for the effective application of all our economic energies in the channels where they will produce the maximum results. It seems to us also to have been exerted with little reference to the workings of other controls, such as prices, wages, transport and finance. In a word, there seems to be still a notable lack of unity in the government's management of the national effort, although the government has taken and is actually trying to exercise a very complete power of management which entirely supersedes the ordinary processes of supply and demand.

Canada seems to be engaged, under the direction of several different masters in the shape of different departments of the federal government, in the task of trying to carry on simultaneously a number of different operations of great magnitude, without anybody having yet asked himself, or at any rate answered, the question whether all these operations can possibly be carried on at this magnitude, in a country of eleven million people and a rather large area, without smashing up the economy and making most or all of them impossible.

Writing in the *Wall Street Journal* this week, Eugene S. Duffield, a Washington correspondent, enumerates the six programs which have been scheduled for the economic life of the United States in 1943, and declares categorically that it is fundamentally impossible that all six of them should be carried out. Yet they are proportionately no greater than the corresponding programs seemingly mapped out by Ottawa. They are described as (1) building more than 125,000 planes; (2) equipping an army sometimes talked of as ten million men, and certainly not many million less; (3) completing a two-ocean navy; (4) building 16 to 20 million tons of merchant shipping; (5) meeting the Lend-Lease commitments; and (6) maintaining a bare-bones economy at home. "Neither the materials nor the manpower to do all six of them can be mustered, officials now believe. To complete all these programs will require most of 1944 too."

Somebody, both in the United States and in Canada, who can talk to each and all of the departments involved in a tone of absolute authority, must examine into the current undertakings in the light of the best available knowledge of the national capacities, and scale them down to a compatible size.

Hogs or Cattle?

WE DOUBT whether farmers can be compelled to raise beef if they do not feel like it. It is a process which lasts three years, and involves during all that time a lot of labor and a lot of materials. If the farmer thinks that at the end of the three years he is pretty sure to get the cost of his labor and materials back and a little something over for supervising and waiting, he will feel like raising beef. If not he won't.

It is not as if there were no alternative uses for his land, his labor and his materials. There is raising hogs, for example, which is a very much shorter process and is much less influenced by changeable weather conditions, and is said to offer a much better prospect of remuneration at present prices. Of course if every farmer quit raising beef and went in for hogs there would be too many hogs as well as too few cattle; but this would not produce

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Pub Is Club

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An interesting development of modern war is the "tank traffic cop", a most necessary adjunct in the manoeuvring of highly armoured forces. These pictures show special military police who have been allotted to tank units. They are highly trained for rapid movement under security conditions, and for intercommunication between tanks in order to rally stragglers. They acquire special knowledge of suitable roads for tank traffic. Here, a tank driver checks with "cop" re route to be taken.

Above: armoured scout car is used by tank police as "stragglers' post" to assist tank drivers who may have lost contact with their squadrons. Below: a tank traffic cop in crash helmet, armed with automatic rifle, his motorcycle concealed, prepares to engage the enemy from a ditch.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Where Do We Get Beef in 1944?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR Mr. G. C. Whittaker has discussed the current beef situation in your recent issues with much assurance and wit, and declares that the solution is for "Mr. Ilsley to adjust his income tax so that Mr. Gardiner's farmer constituents won't be so flush that they can afford not only to carry over their own steers but to buy in those of the few who are willing to sell at prevailing prices." It is a relief to find a man who knows all the answers. With your permission, as a puzzled Maritime beef raiser on a small scale, I should like Mr. Whittaker to elucidate a few of the following points:

If I sold my beef at the present time I could get around 14 cents a pound. What makes him think this is a profitable price? As a matter of fact I could not sell at all, because it was an exceptionally dry summer in Nova Scotia and cattle have grown thin, not fat, on pasture. It will take money and time and labor and feed to make cattle fit for slaughtering. I can get a couple of cents a pound more for pork, and I can raise six marketable hogs in the three years it takes to raise a marketable steer.

What makes Mr. Whittaker think, and what makes Mr. Donald Gordon think, that the cattle exported to the United States would be sufficient to make good all the deficiency in the domestic supply? In Nova Scotia at least the cattle population has been declining for some time, because prices for years have been below the cost of production—far below, as shown by cost figures established by the government experimental farms. In 1941 Nova Scotia had 7 per cent less cattle than in 1931. A very large proportion of calves have been slaughtered in recent years instead of being raised into beef.

What makes Mr. Whittaker so satisfied that farmers are revelling in prosperity? They may be in Ontario, but certainly not in the Maritimes. Potato and other vegetable prices to producers are very little higher than in depression years, and certainly not higher than normal. Beef and pork are a little higher, as are eggs and dairy produce; but their prices have not gone up as much as have costs. Labor is 100 per cent higher than four years ago. Farm machinery is much higher, farm gas about 50 per cent higher, fertilizer 30 per cent higher, packages and containers much higher, trucking costs higher, all farm hardware, lumber and repairs much higher. Can you blame the farmer for feeling that ceilings apply only on what he sells, not on what he buys? Or for wondering why a fair price for butter or milk or beef is called inflationary while wages in industry can double without inflation?

But above all I should like Mr. Whittaker to explain where he expects to get his beef a couple of years from now, unless remunerative prices are permitted to the producer. And his butter. Most of the butter in Canada is produced on small farms, and if small farmers are to be squeezed between unyielding ceilings on the one hand and rising costs (particularly labor) on the other, how are they to continue to produce? And if the production of essential foodstuffs keeps on declining, how is this going to prevent inflation? Will it not on the contrary make for inflation?

Avonport, N.S. E. D. HALIBURTON.

Our Punk English

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS very much surprised to find that you would repeat the following expressions in "What Kids Like in Radio": "He sings swell" (Bert Pearl, whoever he may be); Foster Hewitt, "that's the guy"; the Lone Ranger, "not for me, he stinks." I think it is only encouraging these boys to use these very ugly phrases by printing them. I have been away from my own country for many years, and I am very much shocked to hear the dreadful language that is now spoken here.

I am afraid that Sir Thomas Beecham's opinion of the U.S.A., given in an interview to the Ottawa *Journal* on April 16, applies also to Canada: "No country has ever spent so much money on education, but the more they teach the less they learn. I have the utmost difficulty in employing someone who can read, write and spell correctly. The English vocabulary is limited to about 200 words with 'swell' as the sole expression of approval, and 'that guy' referring to everyone from the President down."

I am hoping for some improvement in the C.B.C., when Dr. Thompson takes charge, as the mistakes some of the announcers make, both in English and in pronunciation are appalling.

Do try to do something to help, not to drag us into the gutter, by not using these horrible words even in repetition.

J. R. C. BURKE.
(Mrs. Maurice Burke)

Ottawa, Ont.

More About "O Canada"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I THINK you went too far in your recent editorial reference to "O Canada," when you suggested that it was lacking in references to the Crown. Your description of the poem as being entirely concerned with French Canada is probably justified by the line which reads: "He (the Canadian) is born of a proud race," which obviously ignores the mixture of races which must be envisaged in thinking of the Dominion as a whole. There is also the line "Neath the eye of God, near the giant river," which equally clearly relates the poem to the valley of the St. Lawrence and thus eliminates the Pacific coast and probably also that part of the prairies which drains to the Arctic regions rather than the Great Lakes watershed.

But on the subject of the Crown the last stanza of Judge Routhier's hymn is entirely adequate. "Sacred love of throne and altar, fill thou our hearts with thine immortal breath," is explicit enough. And the rallying cry with which the whole poem closes is "Let us repeat, as did our fathers, the conquering cry: 'For Christ and the King'." It is interesting to note that writing in the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria the poet nevertheless uses the masculine "le Roi." He was evidently contemplating that his verses would continue to be used long after the good Queen ceased to be the occupant of the throne, in which he has been amply justified. But he may also have been influenced by the fact that the French monarchy, to which he regarded the British monarchy as a legitimate successor by right of conquest, was never feminine, owing to the Salic Law, and that the "fathers" could not therefore have used any other term than "King."

It would appear, from the readiness with which French Canada accepts these two references to the Crown, that it is not any lack of respect for that institution which leads French-Canadians to dislike "God Save the King." Their objection arises from the fact that "God Save the King" is the "British" national anthem, and is interpreted by them as expressing a feeling of loyalty, not to the Crown itself, but to the "British" government. That the hymn itself contains no suggestion of such a loyalty makes no difference; it is the associations and not the actual words which matter. As a recent Gallup poll has clearly shown, the French-Canadians have not nearly as clear a sense of the autonomy of Canada within the British Commonwealth, resulting from the Statute of Westminster, as have the English-speaking Canadians, and they regard the British government (not the Crown, which is something else in their minds) as something which they have to view with considerable suspicion. There is much merit in the suggestion, which has been made several times in your columns, that the unity between French and English-speaking Canada could be considerably strengthened by putting a greater accent on the Crown as a Canadian institution. The more republican Canada becomes in its political methods, the greater will be the strain upon that unity.

Quebec, Que. S. MONTMORENCY.

Prof. Scott and Dreiser

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MAY I ask what Professor Frank Scott has said to justify your reference to him in your editorial on Theodore Dreiser? When and where has he said anything even remotely resembling Mr. Dreiser's recent remarks? When and where has he joined in the clamor for a "second front", or in any activities of the Communists and their fellow-travellers?

Professor Scott has said some things about British rule in India and elsewhere to which you (and I) have taken strong objection. But in a long and intimate acquaintance with him, I have never heard or seen any statement of his, public or private, which manifested the slightest sympathy with Mr. Dreiser's opinions; and I can certify that Professor Scott has been for many years a consistent, unremitting and strenuous opponent of the Communists, their fellow-travellers, and all their works. He has never indulged in "unmitigated and undiscriminating adulation of Russia"; and, as might be expected of a leading constitutional lawyer, he has always shown not "hostility" to, but warm admiration of, the "British political system".

Ottawa, Ont. EUGENE FORSEY.

The essence of Mr. Dreiser's offence was that he said, in substance, that he would rather Britain were ruled by the Nazis than by her present rulers. Professor Scott merely says that so long as "the Tories were running England" the war could not possibly be regarded as "a life and death struggle between democracy and tyranny." It seems a legitimate conclusion that, however great Professor Scott's admiration of the British political system, he has no objection to its being replaced by the Nazi one unless it can manage to throw out the Tories.—Ed.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

the usual results of a shortage in one food article and a surplus in another. That result is normally a sharp decline in the price of the over-supplied article and a sharp rise in that of the under-supplied; but under our wartime conditions the price of the under-supplied is not to be allowed to rise. Since people are not to be discouraged from eating beef by high prices, they will have to be kept from eating beef by rationing; and people who are being cut down on their beef by rationing will simply have to eat something else. The thing they are most likely to eat instead is pork, so the demand for pork will not be anything like as far below the supply as it would if the law of supply and demand were working freely, and pork prices will probably continue high just as beef prices, by compulsion and for limited quantities, will continue low.

What the present policy of the price regulators is going to effect, therefore, seems to be an extensive transfer of the meat consumption of Canadians from beef to pork, enforced by rationing of beef rather than by higher beef prices. Higher beef prices correct themselves by stimulating beef production, and lower hog prices correct themselves by reducing hog production; but these correctives are ruled out by our new system of controlled and unchangeable prices for everything. With no correctives possible, that system seems inevitably destined to give us more and more hogs and less and less beef. But a reduction in beef cattle means a reduction in leather, which is a pretty important article. It means also a reduction in the consumption of pasture grass and hay, which are among the leading products of many farmers. It means a lot of other disturbances in our economic life, disturbances which are bound to diminish in some degree—perhaps a substantial degree—our total production of foodstuffs and their by-products, for cattle cannot be replaced by hogs instantaneously, nor without some measure of loss, and the further the replacement goes—extending at length into territory which is much more suitable for cattle than for hogs—the greater the loss will become.

We know that the present price control is working very earnestly and sincerely with its eye on next month's cost-of-living index and resultant wage level. But we do suggest that it should occasionally lift its eye to the year after next, and to the food program of Canada as a whole.

HONEYSUCKLE

OH CRAFTY Memory, prying at my heart
With nimble finger-tips, depart, depart!
The door is locked and barred; the key is hidden
Deep in the well of years; but terror-ridden
I hear your knock on shutters bolted tight,
As honeysuckle floods the fickle Night!

Victoria, B.C. PAULINE HAVARD.

Dissolution Question

WE NOTE that Professor Forsey has replied at considerable length and with considerable effect to the Winnipeg *Free Press* attack on his (and our) view that the Crown is and should be entirely free to refuse a dissolution of Parliament when there is a reasonable possibility that an alternative Government will be able to carry on without an election. The *Free Press* made the extraordinary statement that the reason why the power to refuse dissolution "should not be exercised is fairly obvious. A Government refused a dissolution resigns and the incoming Government, except in the most exceptional circumstances, has to appeal at once to the people." The Byng episode must have bulked far too large in the view of the writer who made this statement. It is the case (as in the Byng episode) when the incoming Government has to appeal to the people that is exceptional; the rule is that it does not have to appeal. The whole ground for the refusal of dissolution is that there is a Parliament in existence which is capable of maintaining a new Government, and that that Parliament should be allowed to have its way. The Crown may occasionally be wrong in its estimate of the ability of the new Government to hold its own, and it was wrong in the Byng episode; but it will not always or usually be wrong.

"GÖBBELS INVITES—UND I GET DER VISITORS!"

If the Crown is wrong, no great harm is done, for the appeal to the people takes place anyhow, a few weeks or months later than otherwise, and with the illumination afforded by the proceedings in Parliament in the interim. But if the Crown is right, and Parliament is actually prepared to carry on with a new Government, there is an immense advantage in allowing it to do so. For that policy takes away from the Government one of its most effective means of dominating Parliament against Parliament's will. A Prime Minister who cannot be refused a dissolution—who can of his own will dissolve Parliament—can often hold in line a group of dissident supporters who without the certainty of an election would be determined to go over to another party and participate in the formation of a new Government.

If there is anything that the parliamentary system needs in Canada it is an increase in the independence of the individual member of Parliament. We have no such system of checks, balances and safeguards as the Americans devised when they set up their Republic; and without a large measure of independence in Parliament the Prime Minister of this country could easily make himself much more autocratic than the President (except perhaps in time of war) could ever dream of being.

Alive and Kicking

THE Honorable Mr. Justice William Renwick Riddell of the Appeal Branch of the Supreme Court of Ontario—which is a considerable title, even after omitting his B.A., B.SC., LL.B., and various Doctorates and Fellowships—has been writing to the Press again. Not this time to correct some erroneous statement in speech or book about the early history of Canada, but on personal grounds. In parliamentary phrase he rises on a question of privilege.

Some one had declared, courteously, that Mr. Justice Riddell had been an ornament of the Class of 1879, Victoria University, Cobourg. "Pardon me," returns the Judge. "I took my Bachelor's degree in 1874 and am the oldest living graduate of Victoria."

Sixty-eight years ago! Now there's something; sending an Editor to *Who's Who* to check-up. We find that the Judge was born on April 6, 1852 and for the latter half of his ninety years has been making a collection of academic honors. If he were dead to-day, instead of alive—and kicking—the press would be making a list of the nine Doctorates conferred upon him. Let them be taken as read now, for after all they are merely certificates of learning, not needed among friends.

Everyone knows that he has a superfine brain, that he remembers more than most people forget, and that his career has been extraordinary. Elders recall him as a fighting barrister, dragging the truth out of hostile witnesses and pouring professional scorn upon his "learned friends" opposing. Still more elders speak of his merits on the hustings when he twirled his moustache and then smote the Tories hip and thigh.

It never seemed quite the thing to remove this forensic warrior to the holy calm of the Bench. He knew too much Law for that. He must have wearied sometimes to hear a counsel making a detailed argument three hours long when the Judge in a scant five minutes had compassed the intentions of the man and already had discerned a vital point that the counsel was overlooking.

He could have vegetated on the Bench, as some have done. But he preferred to dive into Canadian history and bring up all sorts of curious facts which, but for him, might never have been re-discovered.

So here's to an eminent Canadian who was once called "Bill," even as you and I, but ran the gamut of Willie, Will, Bill, William, W.R., and the Honorable William Renwick until he was going strong at ninety and more. He's a man who deserves our admiration and friendship, not only for his intellectual merits and his furious diligence, but because he's an orphan.

Trade Union Freedom

WE WERE profoundly interested to note that among the recommendations made to the special Board inquiring into the Vancouver shipyard labor troubles was one from a very influential trade union, urging that government, employer and employees should sit down together and evolve a form of agreement which would be legally binding upon all parties. There are growing evidences that trade unionists realize that the old doctrine, of the complete irresponsibility of their organizations in the eyes of the law, can no longer be maintained now that the government is practically compelling certain classes of employers to enter into agreements with them.

The present chaotic state of labor-employer relations is due more than anything else to the almost universal adoption of this doctrine—or failure to adopt any other doctrine—by governments all over the democratic world. It places trade unions outside of the law. It denies all rights on the part of the public to inquire whether they are honestly managed, whether they observe their contractual obligations, whether they hold proper elections, whether they observe justice towards individual members. It is the underlying cause of all the labor racketeering in North America.

The instant the demand is made that the employer—who is a legally responsible natural or artificial person—*must* enter into relations with a trade union, that instant it follows that the trade union must also, whether it likes it or not, become responsible. And the state alone can guarantee its responsibility, and to do so the state must interest itself in "the administration, direction and control" of the trade union as fully as in that of the incorporated company.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

SOMETIME we hope, the human race will be as even in quality as a field of sugar-beets; none wormy, none cock-eyed or distorted, each individual doing the best he can with the materials at hand and not butting into his neighbor's territory. Some one cultivates the beets. Unfortunately we humans cultivate ourselves—if we do. And look at us!

•

IN A NUTSHELL

A testy old writer named Dreiser
Was a tout for the land of the Kaiser.
'Twas in the wrong place
That he shot off his face,
And the fracas left no one the wiser.

NUX VOM.

•

Remembering the Bar Association (which didn't associate) we infer that the Government is likely to clamp-down on unessential travel; perhaps suspecting that a lot of delegates may think of attending a Conservative Convention. Still the delegates can walk, or go a-horseback, like Mary Bosanquet.

•

CONTRAST

Our grief;
No beef!
But Alf, down on the farm,
A person of intolerable charm
Who wouldn't do the slightest bit of harm
To you or me,
To anyone, on land or sea,
Slew a fat steer
A little earlier in the year
And put it in his 'frigeration-box
Secured by several locks.

Now Alf, (and Claire)
To the cold box repair
And cut with loving care
A steak, SO-size, (*)
Which Claire (sweet lady) fries
And puts upon a plate,
And dabs with butter
Till the sight is great,
And satisfaction utter
Enwraps that gentle pair.
Would we were there!

(*) Engineering details of "SO-size"; 10 in. by 5 by 2; 100 cu. ins.; less 20 per cent., bone etc.; net, 80 cu. ins.

•

A correspondent starts out: "I wish to again submit—" Huh! You'd think he was a lawyer.

•

Lawyers have a special dispensation to use split infinitives because they get so accustomed to them in the Statutes that they can't help themselves.

•

In the architecture of a ham sandwich, as we have already intimated, the use of pickled cucumber in place of mustard is a modern solecism. A correspondent hoots, saying, "Where's your patriotic spirit? Cucumbers grow right here at home, and the seed-flour of black mustard is an English product. Do you want to upset our trade-balance?" Ah, (we reply) but mustard contains a peculiar glucoside called sinalbin (C30, H44, N2, S2, O16) for which we have a craving overpowering our deep affection for a stable Foreign Exchange. Anyway, we don't want a ship-load, only a soupçon for each sandwich. And cucumbers ain't got it.

•

CONVENIENCES

These modern things are handy. Our home is well-equipped
With labor-saving gadgets and household toil is whipped.
I mean it's whipped for wifie, not for me, for I declare
I'm spending all my week-ends to keep them in repair.

NICK

•

The Star Spangled Banner was 128 years old on Sept. 13. Already some of the people in the States have learned the words, and several of the Metropolitan Opera stars can sing them.

An interesting development of modern war is the "tank traffic cop", a most necessary adjunct in the manoeuvring of highly armoured forces. These pictures show special military police who have been allotted to tank units. They are highly trained for rapid movement under security conditions, and for intercommunication between tanks in order to rally stragglers. They acquire special knowledge of suitable roads for tank traffic. Here, a tank driver checks with "cop" re route to be taken.

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Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR Mr. G. C. Whittaker has discussed the current beef situation in your recent issues with much assurance and wit, and declares that the solution is for "Mr. Ilsley to adjust his income tax so that Mr. Gardiner's farmer constituents won't be so flush that they can afford not only to carry over their own steers but to buy in those of the few who are willing to sell at prevailing prices." It is a relief to find a man who knows all the answers. With your permission, as a puzzled Maritime beef raiser on a small scale, I should like Mr. Whittaker to elucidate a few of the following points:

If I sold my beef at the present time I could get around 14 cents a pound. What makes him think this is a profitable price? As a matter of fact I could not sell at all, because it was an exceptionally dry summer in Nova Scotia and cattle have grown thin, not fat, on pasture. It will take money and time and labor and feed to make cattle fit for slaughtering. I can get a couple of cents a pound more for pork, and I can raise six marketable hogs in the three years it takes to raise a marketable steer.

What makes Mr. Whittaker think, and what makes Mr. Donald Gordon think, that the cattle exported to the United States would be sufficient to make good all the deficiency in the domestic supply? In Nova Scotia at least the cattle population has been declining for some time, because prices for years have been below the cost of production—far below, as shown by cost figures established by the government experimental farms. In 1941 Nova Scotia had 7 per cent less cattle than in 1931. A very large proportion of calves have been slaughtered in recent years instead of being raised into beef.

What makes Mr. Whittaker so satisfied that farmers are revelling in prosperity? They may be in Ontario, but certainly not in the Maritimes. Potato and other vegetable prices to producers are very little higher than in depression years, and certainly not higher than normal. Beef and pork are a little higher, as are eggs and dairy produce; but their prices have not gone up as much as have costs. Labor is 100 per cent higher than four years ago. Farm machinery is much higher, farm gas about 50 per cent higher, fertilizer 30 per cent higher, packages and containers much higher, trucking costs higher, all farm hardware, lumber and repairs much higher. Can you blame the farmer for feeling that ceilings apply only on what he sells, not on what he buys? Or for wondering why a fair price for butter or milk or beef is called inflationary while wages in industry can double without inflation?

But above all I should like Mr. Whittaker to explain where he expects to get his beef a couple of years from now, unless remunerative prices are permitted to the producer. And his butter. Most of the butter in Canada is produced on small farms, and if small farmers are to be squeezed between unyielding ceilings on the one hand and rising costs (particularly labor) on the other, how are they to continue to produce? And if the production of essential foodstuffs keeps on declining, how is this going to prevent inflation? Will it not on the contrary make for inflation?

Avonport, N.S. E. D. HALIBURTON.

Our Punk English

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS very much surprised to find that you would repeat the following expressions in "What Kids Like in Radio": "He sings swell" (Bert Pearl, whoever he may be); Foster Hewitt, "that's the guy"; the Lone Ranger, "not for me, he stinks." I think it is only encouraging these boys to use these very ugly phrases by printing them. I have been away from my own country for many years, and I am very much shocked to hear the dreadful language that is now spoken here.

I am afraid that Sir Thomas Beecham's opinion of the U.S.A., given in an interview to the Ottawa *Journal* on April 16, applies also to Canada: "No country has ever spent so much money on education, but the more they teach the less they learn. I have the utmost difficulty in employing someone who can read, write and spell correctly. The English vocabulary is limited to about 200 words with 'swell' as the sole expression of approval, and 'that guy' referring to everyone from the President down."

I am hoping for some improvement in the C.B.C., when Dr. Thompson takes charge, as the mistakes some of the announcers make, both in English and in pronunciation are appalling.

Do try to do something to help, not to drag us into the gutter, by not using these horrible words even in repetition.

J. R. C. BURKE.
(Mrs. Maurice Burke)

Ottawa, Ont.

More About "O Canada"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I THINK you went too far in your recent editorial reference to "O Canada," when you suggested that it was lacking in references to the Crown. Your description of the poem as being entirely concerned with French Canada is probably justified by the line which reads: "He (the Canadian) is born of a proud race," which obviously ignores the mixture of races which must be envisaged in thinking of the Dominion as a whole. There is also the line "Neath the eye of God, near the giant river," which equally clearly relates the poem to the valley of the St. Lawrence and thus eliminates the Pacific coast and probably also that part of the prairies which drains to the Arctic regions rather than the Great Lakes watershed.

But on the subject of the Crown the last stanza of Judge Routhier's hymn is entirely adequate. "Sacred love of throne and altar, fill thou our hearts with thine immortal breath," is explicit enough. And the rallying cry with which the whole poem closes is "Let us repeat, as did our fathers, the conquering cry: 'For Christ and the King'." It is interesting to note that writing in the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria the poet nevertheless uses the masculine "le Roi." He was evidently contemplating that his verses would continue to be used long after the good Queen ceased to be the occupant of the throne, in which he has been amply justified. But he may also have been influenced by the fact that the French monarchy, to which he regarded the British monarchy as a legitimate successor by right of conquest, was never feminine, owing to the Salic Law, and that the "fathers" could not therefore have used any other term than "King."

It would appear, from the readiness with which French Canada accepts these two references to the Crown, that it is not any lack of respect for that institution which leads French-Canadians to dislike "God Save the King." Their objection arises from the fact that "God Save the King" is the "British" national anthem, and is interpreted by them as expressing a feeling of loyalty, not to the Crown itself, but to the "British" government. That the hymn itself contains no suggestion of such a loyalty makes no difference; it is the associations and not the actual words which matter. As a recent Gallup poll has clearly shown, the French-Canadians have not nearly as clear a sense of the autonomy of Canada within the British Commonwealth, resulting from the Statute of Westminster, as have the English-speaking Canadians, and they regard the British government (not the Crown, which is something else in their minds) as something which they have to view with considerable suspicion. There is much merit in the suggestion, which has been made several times in your columns, that the unity between French and English-speaking Canada could be considerably strengthened by putting a greater accent on the Crown as a Canadian institution. The more republican Canada becomes in its political methods, the greater will be the strain upon that unity.

Quebec, Que. S. MONTMORENCY.

Prof. Scott and Dreiser

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MAY I ask what Professor Frank Scott has said to justify your reference to him in your editorial on Theodore Dreiser? When and where has he said anything even remotely resembling Mr. Dreiser's recent remarks? When and where has he joined in the clamor for a "second front", or in any activities of the Communists and their fellow-travellers?

Professor Scott has said some things about British rule in India and elsewhere to which you (and I) have taken strong objection. But in a long and intimate acquaintance with him, I have never heard or seen any statement of his, public or private, which manifested the slightest sympathy with Mr. Dreiser's opinions; and I can certify that Professor Scott has been for many years a consistent, unremitting and strenuous opponent of the Communists, their fellow-travellers, and all their works. He has never indulged in "unmitigated and undiscriminating adulation of Russia"; and, as might be expected of a leading constitutional lawyer, he has always shown not "hostility" to, but warm admiration of, the "British political system".

Ottawa, Ont. EUGENE FORSEY.

The essence of Mr. Dreiser's offence was that he said, in substance, that he would rather Britain were ruled by the Nazis than by her present rulers. Professor Scott merely says that so long as "the Tories were running England" the war could not possibly be regarded as "a life and death struggle between democracy and tyranny." It seems a legitimate conclusion that, however great Professor Scott's admiration of the British political system, he has no objection to its being replaced by the Nazi one unless it can manage to throw out the Tories.—Ed.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

the usual results of a shortage in one food article and a surplus in another. That result is normally a sharp decline in the price of the over-supplied article and a sharp rise in that of the under-supplied; but under our wartime conditions the price of the under-supplied is not to be allowed to rise. Since people are not to be discouraged from eating beef by high prices, they will have to be kept from eating beef by rationing; and people who are being cut down on their beef by rationing will simply have to eat something else. The thing they are most likely to eat instead is pork, so the demand for pork will not be anything like as far below the supply as it would if the law of supply and demand were working freely, and pork prices will probably continue high just as beef prices, by compulsion and for limited quantities, will continue low.

What the present policy of the price regulators is going to effect, therefore, seems to be an extensive transfer of the meat consumption of Canadians from beef to pork, enforced by rationing of beef rather than by higher beef prices. Higher beef prices correct themselves by stimulating beef production, and lower hog prices correct themselves by reducing hog production; but these correctives are ruled out by our new system of controlled and unchangeable prices for everything. With no correctives possible, that system seems inevitably destined to give us more and more hogs and less and less beef. But a reduction in beef cattle means a reduction in leather, which is a pretty important article. It means also a reduction in the consumption of pasture grass and hay, which are among the leading products of many farmers. It means a lot of other disturbances in our economic life, disturbances which are bound to diminish in some degree—perhaps a substantial degree—our total production of foodstuffs and their by-products, for cattle cannot be replaced by hogs instantaneously, nor without some measure of loss, and the further the replacement goes—extending at length into territory which is much more suitable for cattle than for hogs—the greater the loss will become.

We know that the present price control is working very earnestly and sincerely with its eye on next month's cost-of-living index and resultant wage level. But we do suggest that it should occasionally lift its eye to the year after next, and to the food program of Canada as a whole.

HONEYSUCKLE

OH CRAFTY Memory, prying at my heart
With nimble finger-tips, depart, depart!
The door is locked and barred; the key is hidden
Deep in the well of years; but terror-ridden
I hear your knock on shutters bolted tight,
As honeysuckle floods the fickle Night!

Victoria, B.C. —PAULINE HAVARD.

Dissolution Question

WE NOTE that Professor Forsey has replied at considerable length and with considerable effect to the Winnipeg *Free Press* attack on his (and our) view that the Crown is and should be entirely free to refuse a dissolution of Parliament when there is a reasonable possibility that an alternative Government will be able to carry on without an election. The *Free Press* made the extraordinary statement that the reason why the power to refuse dissolution "should not be exercised is fairly obvious. A Government refused a dissolution resigns and the incoming Government, except in the most exceptional circumstances, has to appeal at once to the people." The Byng episode must have bulked far too large in the view of the writer who made this statement. It is the case (as in the Byng episode) when the incoming Government has to appeal to the people that is exceptional; the rule is that it does not have to appeal. The whole ground for the refusal of dissolution is that there is a Parliament in existence which is capable of maintaining a new Government, and that that Parliament should be allowed to have its way. The Crown may occasionally be wrong in its estimate of the ability of the new Government to hold its own, and it was wrong in the Byng episode; but it will not always or usually be wrong.

"GÖBBELS INVITES—UND I GET DER VISITORS!"

If the Crown is wrong, no great harm is done, for the appeal to the people takes place anyhow, a few weeks or months later than otherwise, and with the illumination afforded by the proceedings in Parliament in the interim. But if the Crown is right, and Parliament is actually prepared to carry on with a new Government, there is an immense advantage in allowing it to do so. For that policy takes away from the Government one of its most effective means of dominating Parliament against Parliament's will. A Prime Minister who cannot be refused a dissolution—who can of his own will dissolve Parliament—can often hold in line a group of dissident supporters who without the certainty of an election would be determined to go over to another party and participate in the formation of a new Government.

If there is anything that the parliamentary system needs in Canada it is an increase in the independence of the individual member of Parliament. We have no such system of checks, balances and safeguards as the Americans devised when they set up their Republic; and without a large measure of independence in Parliament the Prime Minister of this country could easily make himself much more autocratic than the President (except perhaps in time of war) could ever dream of being.

Alive and Kicking

THE Honorable Mr. Justice William Renwick Riddell of the Appeal Branch of the Supreme Court of Ontario—which is a considerable title, even after omitting his B.A., B.SC., LL.B., and various Doctorates and Fellowships—has been writing to the Press again. Not this time to correct some erroneous statement in speech or book about the early history of Canada, but on personal grounds. In parliamentary phrase he rises on a question of privilege.

Some one had declared, courteously, that Mr. Justice Riddell had been an ornament of the Class of 1879, Victoria University, Cobourg. "Pardon me," returns the Judge. "I took my Bachelor's degree in 1874 and am the oldest living graduate of Victoria."

Sixty-eight years ago! Now there's something; sending an Editor to *Who's Who* to check-up. We find that the Judge was born on April 6, 1852 and for the latter half of his ninety years has been making a collection of academic honors. If he were dead to-day, instead of alive—and kicking—the press would be making a list of the nine Doctorates conferred upon him. Let them be taken as read now, for after all they are merely certificates of learning, not needed among friends.

Everyone knows that he has a superfine brain, that he remembers more than most people forget, and that his career has been extraordinary. Elders recall him as a fighting barrister, dragging the truth out of hostile witnesses and pouring professional scorn upon his "learned friends" opposing. Still more elders speak of his merits on the hustings when he twirled his moustache and then smote the Tories hip and thigh.

It never seemed quite the thing to remove this forensic warrior to the holy calm of the Bench. He knew too much Law for that. He must have wearied sometimes to hear a counsel making a detailed argument three hours long when the Judge in a scant five minutes had compassed the intentions of the man and already had discerned a vital point that the counsel was overlooking.

He could have vegetated on the Bench, as some have done. But he preferred to dive into Canadian history and bring up all sorts of curious facts which, but for him, might never have been re-discovered.

So here's to an eminent Canadian who was once called "Bill," even as you and I, but ran the gamut of Willie, Will, Bill, William, W.R., and the Honorable William Renwick until he was going strong at ninety and more. He's a man who deserves our admiration and friendship, not only for his intellectual merits and his furious diligence, but because he's an orphan.

Trade Union Freedom

WE WERE profoundly interested to note that among the recommendations made to the special Board inquiring into the Vancouver shipyard labor troubles was one from a very influential trade union, urging that government, employer and employees should sit down together and evolve a form of agreement which would be legally binding upon all parties. There are growing evidences that trade unionists realize that the old doctrine, of the complete irresponsibility of their organizations in the eyes of the law, can no longer be maintained now that the government is practically compelling certain classes of employers to enter into agreements with them.

The present chaotic state of labor-employer relations is due more than anything else to the almost universal adoption of this doctrine—or failure to adopt any other doctrine—by governments all over the democratic world. It places trade unions outside of the law. It denies all rights on the part of the public to inquire whether they are honestly managed, whether they observe their contractual obligations, whether they hold proper elections, whether they observe justice towards individual members. It is the underlying cause of all the labor racketeering in North America.

The instant the demand is made that the employer—who is a legally responsible natural or artificial person—*must* enter into relations with a trade union, that instant it follows that the trade union must also, whether it likes it or not, become responsible. And the state alone can guarantee its responsibility, and to do so the state must interest itself in "the administration, direction and control" of the trade union as fully as in that of the incorporated company.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

SOMETIME we hope, the human race will be as even in quality as a field of sugar-beets; none wormy, none cock-eyed or distorted, each individual doing the best he can with the materials at hand and not butting into his neighbor's territory. Some one cultivates the beets. Unfortunately we humans cultivate ourselves—if we do. And look at us!

•

IN A NUTSHELL

A testy old writer named Dreiser
Was a tout for the land of the Kaiser.
'Twas in the wrong place
That he shot off his face,
And the fracas left no one the wiser.

NUX VOM.

•

Remembering the Bar Association (which didn't associate) we infer that the Government is likely to clamp-down on unessential travel; perhaps suspecting that a lot of delegates may think of attending a Conservative Convention. Still the delegates can walk, or go a-horseback, like Mary Bosanquet.

•

CONTRAST

Our grief;
No beef!
But Alf, down on the farm,
A person of intolerable charm
Who wouldn't do the slightest bit of harm
To you or me,
To anyone, on land or sea,
Slew a fat steer
A little earlier in the year
And put it in his 'frigeration-box
Secured by several locks.

Now Alf, (and Claire)
'To the cold box repair
And cut with loving care
A steak, SO-size, (*)
Which Claire (sweet lady) fries
And puts upon a plate,
And dabs with butter
Till the sight is great,
And satisfaction utter
Enwraps that gentle pair.
Would we were there!

(*) Engineering details of "SO-size"; 10 in. by 5 by 2; 100 cu. ins.; less 20 per cent., bone etc.; net, 80 cu. ins.

•

A correspondent starts out: "I wish to again submit—" Huh! You'd think he was a lawyer.

•

Lawyers have a special dispensation to use split infinitives because they get so accustomed to them in the Statutes that they can't help themselves.

•

In the architecture of a ham sandwich, as we have already intimated, the use of pickled cucumber in place of mustard is a modern solecism. A correspondent hoots, saying, "Where's your patriotic spirit? Cucumbers grow right here at home, and the seed-flour of black mustard is an English product. Do you want to upset our trade-balance?" Ah, (we reply) but mustard contains a peculiar glucoside called sinalbin (C30, H44, N2, S2, O16) for which we have a craving overpowering our deep affection for a stable Foreign Exchange. Anyway, we don't want a ship-load, only a soupçon for each sandwich. And cucumbers ain't got it.

•

CONVENIENCES

These modern things are handy. Our home is well-equipped
With labor-saving gadgets and household toil is whipped.
I mean it's whipped for wifie, not for me, for I declare
I'm spending all my week-ends to keep them in repair.

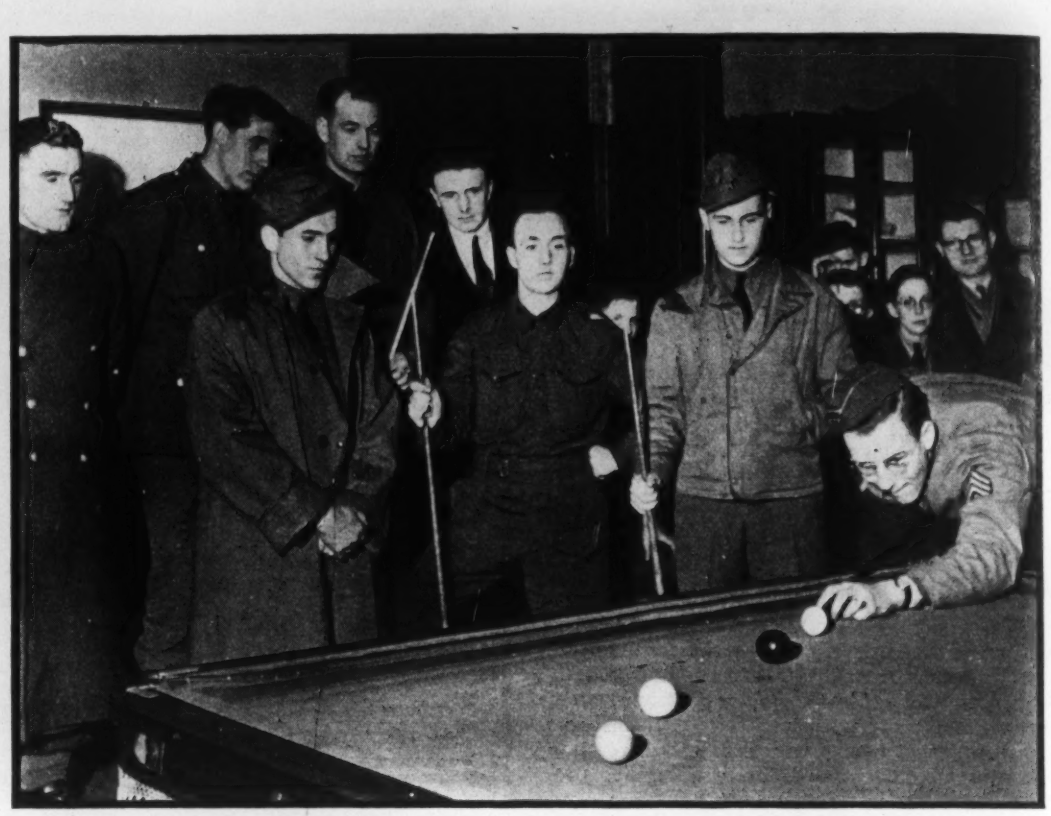
NICK

•

The Star Spangled Banner was 128 years old on Sept. 13. Already some of the people in the States have learned the words, and several of the Metropolitan Opera stars can sing them.

Americans and Britons Join Hands to Make . . .

An old English game of draughts brings the Allies together in friendly competition.



The British call it billiards, but to this U.S. sergeant it's the pool he knew at home.

"Roll those bones!" The crap game is a favourite with the Americans. As stakes, smokes are as good as money.

By J. P. Gallagher

THERE are few races so akin as the American and Irish. So when the United States of America Northern Ireland Forces began to assemble in Ulster there was little reserve, friendship started from flashpoint, for visitors and residents were equally willing to talk and laugh together, and — more importart—work together.

Throughout Northern Ireland, through towns and villages where mingled American and British uniforms clash with the indescribable garb of some of the ragged, barefooted children, where armoured cars, tanks, "jeeps" and the high-powered staff cars of both Forces park in the streets beside the traditional Irish side-car or the high-wheeled turf-cart, I found nothing but a welcome for the visitors. The friendship has grown warm and close throughout winter, spring and summer until to-day Ulsterman and Yankee (the Irish generally call them "Yankees") know a great deal about each other.

Everywhere the Americans' main grouse — almost their only one — was the weather. "Do you know," one officer said to me, "Britain is in the same latitude as Labrador? If it weren't for the Gulf Stream you'd be just as cold! If ever Germany captures these Islands we are going to try and divert the Gulf Stream to warm New England instead and freeze the Jerry!"

The best story of American reaction to continual drizzle is the reputedly true one of the soldier standing in Belfast's Royal Avenue, gazing dolefully at the steady downpour. He glanced up at a barrage balloon, swaying wetly overhead, and suddenly burst out: "Why the hell can't they cut the goddarned rope and let the place sink!"

Collaboration with the British forces is very good. Surprisingly good, becaust at first it was thought there might be friction since the U.S. soldier gets so much more pay than Tommy. But Tommy is nothing if not philosophical — he blames the Government rather than his opposite number in khaki, even if there are times when the American gets the best girl at the dance, because he can afford to give her a much better time.

In the field, co-operation is first-class. On joint manoeuvres funny things used to happen at first, but now it has been found in practice that within a very short time an American sergeant or lieutenant, for instance, can make himself understood by a British platoon or *vice-versa*, if exchange becomes necessary as it could often do in battle. Both British and American officers, not knowing the commands differing in each army for "Right turn" etc., adopt the straightforward, simple if not militarily correct, way of saying "Turn to the right" or "March in quick time." Unorthodox to the parade-ground sergeant-major, but effective.

The American Forces are now living entirely on their own food brought from the States. The novelty of peanut butter, good coffee, jelly fruit (in tins), American cigarettes and so forth is irresistible to some British soldiers, who like when possible to feed in U.S. messes. This opportunity most often comes the way of Army drivers—and I heard

In "little ol' N'Yawk", it would have been a cup of coffee, but to these Yankee truck drivers in Ulster a spot of tea is altogether satisfactory.

Pte. John Ziaja, of Adams, Mass., is typical of U.S. men overseas.

Should Hitler try to invade the Emerald Isle he will find men like these Americans waiting to push him into the sea.

. . . Ulster a Bastion for the United Nations

"Welcome to Ulster!" A British sergeant greets an American comrade on disembarking.

As this Colleen knows, the way to a man's heart is the same in Ulster as in the U.S.A.

of one driver for a British Brigadier who once—but only once—got four dinners in a day by attaching himself to American mess-lines!

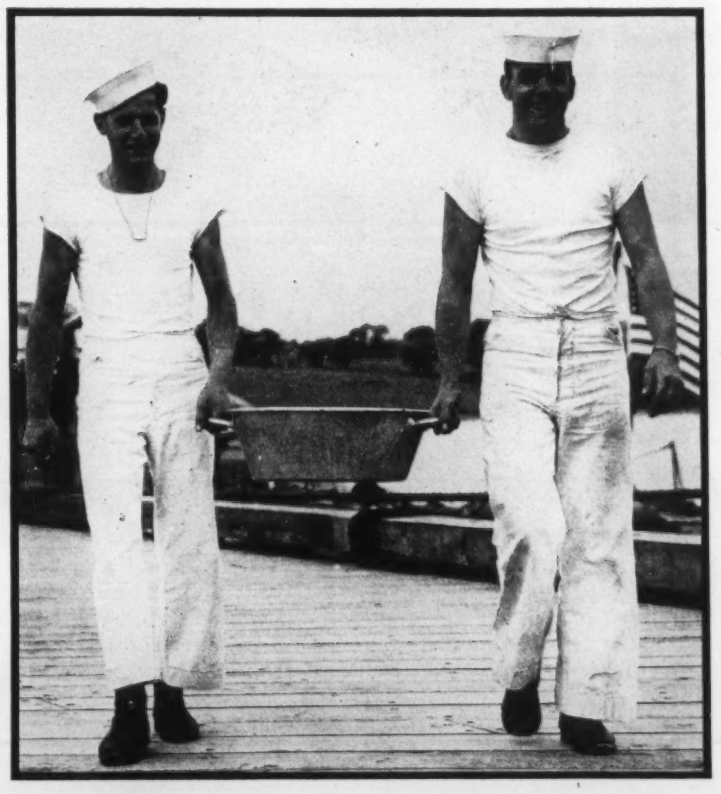
The Americans are a perpetual source of joy to the children of Northern Ireland. In the country districts they climb over any stationary car, demanding pennies or offering to sell buns. In the main street of one city I sat in a row of four cars while about a dozen kiddies, some as young as four, pestered two U.S. Colonels, a high official from London, and a naval officer—reaping a harvest of pennies "Just to go away". Quite undeterred by red tabs or gleaming brass, they know an American is always good for a game, and invariably responds to the Victory sign which is extended everywhere in Northern Ireland by the children.

Driving through the countryside is a perpetual astonishment to newly arrived men from the States. The officers soon accumulate a great deal of knowledge of Ireland's turbulent history, will tell visitors all about the Red Hand of Ulster, Dunluce Castle or Shane Castle. As I drove along the famous Coast Road by the shores of the Irish sea and North Atlantic Ocean one Californian said "It's like Monterey," recalling Army days of years back. And through the Sperrin mountains—"A bit taller, a bit more peaked, and you've got Colorado," said a man from Denver.

Sight-seeing apart, the American soldiers and airmen work hard—harder than ever at home. From eight in the morning till last thing at night they are hard at it. Soldiering with the U.S.A. N.I.F. is a "twenty-five hour a day job" as an officer put it. Continual exercises, manoeuvres, artillery practices keep the men on the go rain or fine. In the vast grounds of one of the most famous estates in Northern Ireland, provided for the duration by an Irish Earl, I watched infantrymen, well camouflaged (for khaki stands out startlingly against the lush green of Irish fields) capture machine gun posts.

Returning from this exercise on one of those cool, grey Irish evenings, with blue mist hanging over the hills, I saw at every village corner a bunch of American lads talking with Irish girls. Sometimes a British soldier was with them, too, he also with a dark-haired, apple-cheeked "colleen." Tough husky lads from California, New England, Arizona, Texas—every State in the U.S.A.—leant against the white-washed cottage walls or sat on the grey stone walls dividing the fields, some swinging blackthorn sticks they had cut out of the hedges and dried in the traditional fashion in a cottage chimney. From their rations they brought to the villages strange foodstuffs, mineral waters, and costly cigarettes whose rich aroma seemed out of place in the tiny houses where they sat round turf fires sampling Irish hearthcakes.

The Americans tell one good tale about co-operation with the British. I don't know if it is true. After an early combined exercise the Americans received a military report from the British, couched as usual in the abbreviations for which the British Army is famous. The Americans promptly asked for a glossary! Sitting down to prepare one, the British found they couldn't understand some of their own abbreviations! A little simplification was put into effect—to the relief of Army typists.



U.S. forces in Ulster live on their own food brought in from the States. Above: two "gobs" on cook-house duty.

Main grouse of the Americans is about Ulster's weather, for despite continual drizzle route marches must go on.

This is Lance-Cpl. Milburn Henke, first doughboy to land in Ulster.

"Collaboration with British forces is very good . . ." U.S. service police join British authorities in keeping order. Here a patrol goes on duty.

Ontario Legislature Losing Touch With Tasks

BY HENRY LYNN MARSHALL

Provincial legislatures of Canada are deserting their posts as custodians of the provincial exchequers, and letting their governments have unfettered freedom, says Henry Lynn Marshall.

Taking Ontario as an example, he shows how inadequate have been the efforts to secure debt reduction when such reduction should have been easy, and how little time is spent by the legislature in discussion of provincial administration.

And all this at a time when every private citizen is tightening his belt to help pay for the war.

A LENGTHY recess interrupted the recent 21-day session of the Ontario Legislature. Incidentally, the yearly cost of keeping the Assembly in business is over a quarter million dollars. While government spokesmen complained that it was impossible to budget until a settlement had been reached with the federal government respecting the long-standing dispute as to reallocation of tax fields, there is no lack of opinion that the time lost during the recess might have been employed with profit in a search for ways and means to bring about some planned economy in the management of provincial affairs.

Provincial legislatures are more and more coming under the critical eye of the taxpayer, who has begun to wonder where all the money goes. While the public will pay for a show, it must be a pleasing show; yet, even from this viewpoint, legislatures are falling down. They are failing to put up that vigorous exhibition of parliamentary punch and parry which was taken for granted a decade or so ago. Most Ontario people can recall the provincial legislature as a colorful cockpit, with full galleries, the floor jammed with the protégés of members and officialdom. Visitors sat for hours in the hope of viewing a worthwhile battle, and their patience was usually rewarded.

Today the scene is changed. The latest session ending in mid-April may be taken as typical. A scattering of ministers, one a persistent gum-chewer, adorned the Treasury benches; worried whips maintained a quorum by luring or driving private members from their card games. Of the few rank-and-file in their seats, many spent their time reading, writing, gossiping, or more often supplying studies in slouching, somnolence or sheer boredom. A few showed an active and intelligent interest in the proceedings of the moment. Many obviously were waiting for the whistle to blow.

The Legislature of the Province of Ontario has failed in recent years in a primary duty. Within a short period government has grown into big business while its mechanics have retained most of the obsolete features of thirty or forty years ago. Dominated wholly by the Government, the Legislature has fallen into a state of lassitude, and yet not for lack of fertile fields wherein it might find profitable employment. Settling down to the task, it cannot better spend its time than in ascertaining why it costs 120 millions a year to run provincial affairs. It can well review the debt and taxation structure, and, as a starting point it can profitably ponder a statement of Mr. Graham F. Towers, distinguished Governor of the Bank of Canada, who some years ago in an interview said:—

"When we are severely hit by a depression it is idle to suggest that governmental budgets should be balanced. I do not suggest that possible economies should ever be disregarded, but rather that substantial increases in debt are, in any event, inevitable during bad times.

"It follows that reduction in debt during prosperous periods is essential. If we, as a country, increase our debt materially during depression, but never decrease it during better times, the ultimate result is obvious."

Debt Grows Steadily

True, Ontario treasurers have boasted of debt reductions from time to time, but, in fact, for decades there has been no debt reduction. In good times and bad the course of Ontario's debt has been steadily and relentlessly upward. So-called debt reductions are actually nothing more than minor and temporary fluctuations. The whole trend has been upward, never downward, and the principles enunciated by Mr. Towers have been completely disregarded.

As with debt, so has been the trend of taxation. Ordinary Ontario revenues to the extent of seventy-five to eighty-five per cent yearly arise from six direct taxes. Reviewing the course of these taxes in conjunction with the course of borrowings, a true picture of provincial financial trends can be achieved without undue examination of complicated accounting records in relation to spending. Frequent departmental and branch rearrangements together with varying book-keeping methods indeed make the task of compiling comparative expenditure figures a difficult one.

Basic revenues, however, over an extended period, have been drawn consistently from the same sources and comparisons of these revenues afford a good index to the financial course of the province when considered along with the debt situation, bearing in mind that the practice has been to spend all that can safely—politically or otherwise—be raised both by taxation and by borrowing.

The six taxes constituting Ontario's chief sources of revenue are income tax, succession duties, gasoline tax, vehicle licenses, liquor revenue and corporations tax. Some are now replaced by federal subsidies. Income tax, enacted in 1937, became fully effective in 1938. The following brief table shows how, collectively, these imposts have increased:—

Average *yearly* collections over the five-year period ending October 31, 1934—$41,860,000.

Average *yearly* collections over the five-year period ending March 31, 1940—$66,840,000.

Average *yearly* collections over the two-year period ending March 31, 1942—$89,400,000.

Estimated collections for fiscal year ending March 31, 1943—$80,600,000.

For 1943, federal subsidies replace the conventional taxes in part but it is not considered necessary to differentiate herein.

Income tax yielded $6,900,000 in 1941 and $4,600,000 in 1942.

Corporations tax rates were more than doubled in 1940 on the undertaking of the Premier-Treasurer that the increase would be for one year only; nevertheless, at the 1941 session the increased rates were reenacted. For purposes of comparison, it might be noted that corporations tax yielded $4,800,000 in 1930, $10,300,000 in 1940, $21,800,000 in 1941 and approximately $24,900,000 in 1942. Needless to say, this tremendously increased impost adds to the cost of doing business and eventually hits the pocket of the ultimate consumer.

As to the agreements between Queen's Park and Ottawa recently validated by the Assembly and by Parliament, it may be said that Ontario will receive yearly from the federal treasury, $28,964,039.54 in lieu of corporation and income taxes, now abandoned provincially. Certain minor adjustments are involved but need not be detailed here. Thus the province continues to profit from its greatly increased corporations tax

TABLE I

	Motor Vehicle Licenses	Liquor Revenue	Succession Duties
Yearly average collections for the five-year period ending October 31, 1934	$6,780,000	$ 8,180,000	$ 8,280,000
Yearly average collections for the five-year period ending March 31, 1940	$9,040,000	$ 9,960,000	$15,000,000
Yearly average collections for the 1941 and 1942 fiscal years	$9,650,000	$12,225,000	$11,350,000
Estimate for the 1943 fiscal year	$5,090,000	$10,500,000	$10,000,000

He looks well...
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But his wise parents are taking no chances

JUST A FEW DAYS after an acute attack of rheumatic fever, a child may eat well, act well and look well. Yet it may be necessary for the doctor to keep close watch over the child for a prolonged period.

That is why, even when the attack is light, the doctor may advise rest in bed for *weeks*—in severe cases, for months. This caution is necessary because, during the acute stage of the disease, the heart is almost always involved. *Acute rheumatic fever takes the lives of more children between the ages of five and fifteen than any other disease.*

Sometimes, if the attack is mild or unrecognized, its serious consequences may not become apparent until adult years. Many cases of heart disease in adults may be traced to childhood attacks of rheumatic fever.

The onset of the disease is often preceded by a sore throat, tonsillitis, or cold. Earliest indications may be slight fever, nose bleeds, poor appetite, failure to gain weight, rapid heart action, and rheumatic pains—often fleeting and slight—in muscles and joints.

Other signs or symptoms may be nodules under the skin, a rash, and very painful and inflamed joints and high fever. Chorea, or St. Vitus dance, may be a sign of rheumatic fever. Symptoms are sometimes so indefinite that even the doctor may be unable to make an immediate diagnosis.

A child who has once had rheumatic fever should be carefully guarded from colds and nose or throat infections. Should these occur, no matter how slight, he should be put to bed and the doctor called. An initial attack is often followed by future attacks which greatly increase the danger of permanent heart damage.

Nutritious food, cleanliness, fresh air and medical supervision are the best safeguards against recurrences of rheumatic fever. They are also the best preventive measures against initial attacks. These are wise precautions for all parents to adopt for the protection of their school-age children.

To learn more about rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free pamphlet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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TABLE II

Date	Gross Direct Debt	Net Debt	Indirect or Guaranteed Debt
Oct. 31, 1931	$518,600,000	$244,000,000	$ 80,700,000
Mch. 31, 1936	689,600,000	406,000,000	114,000,000
Mch. 31, 1941	729,600,000	506,200,000	132,100,000

rates and its income tax imposition of recent years.

As to gasoline tax, the Ottawa agreement provides for stabilization at the 1940 level, viz., $26,600,000. The general arrangement is that the province will collect what it can, and, having regard to federal restrictions making for reduced consumption, Ottawa will bridge the gap between what the province actually collects and the 1940 figure of $26,600,000.

Up to this point it is clear enough that the province is guaranteed a stabilization of revenue in relation to income, corporations and gasoline tax. It must be remembered, however, that provincial finance has been based on an increasing debt and taxation scale which is where the shoe will pinch under the new deal. Further, some examination is now required as to the direct provincial taxes not affected by the Ottawa agreements. Collections in relation to the three remaining major direct taxes work out as shown in Table 1 (page 6).

There is no federal guarantee respecting motor vehicle license fees and the curtailment of rubber-tired transportation will imply a revenue shrinkage from this source, a shrinkage which the Premier-Treasurer has anticipated as shown. Again, if Ottawa increases liquor taxation and fixes a liquor price ceiling, provincial liquor profits will be reduced. In any case, liquor prices are already at the point where if raised, both the law of diminishing returns and the boot-legger will operate.

Bonanza Worked Out

As to succession duties, from 1936 to 1939, a process of re-examining and mining out closed estates was in full blast by virtue of retroactive legislation involving severe and increased penalties. Collections during this boom period were:—

1936	$12,000,000
1937	$16,000,000
1938	$20,200,000
1939	$15,300,000

This bonanza is now worked out and notwithstanding increased rates, collections are back at a normal level.

It is however, doubtful that vehicle license collections will shrink by the amount indicated, viz., $4,920,000 as compared with 1942, and also, liquor profits have been consistently underestimated. But accepting the estimate of $80,600,000 to be produced in 1943 from the sources discussed, surely it is not unreasonable to ask the Legislature to spend a week or two rather than an hour or two exploring all possible angles in relation to the collection and expenditure of so sizeable a sum.

With no reflection on provincial solvency, the debt picture is an unhappy one. See the figures in Table II top of this page.

An increase of $211,000,000 in gross direct debt in a decade is serious enough but in 1937 there appears to have been a switching of $33,600,000 from the direct to the indirect column in relation to Hydro financing. Thus the true increase is $244,600,000, nearly a quarter billion dollars. Since the present government assumed office in 1934, the increase in gross direct debt appears to be about $133,300,000, a part of which Mr. Hepburn blames on contractual obligations inherited from his predecessors.

Here is the composition of the gross direct debt as of March 31, 1941:—

Funded Debt		$617,000,000
Unfunded Debt:		
Treas. Bills	$61,000,000	
Sav. Office Deposits	37,000,000	
Spec. Funds	5,000,000	
Acnts. Payable & Acrd. Int.	9,700,000	
		112,700,000
Total Gross Direct Debt		$729,700,000

In presenting his latest budget Mr. Hepburn stated that the gross direct debt had been decreased $4,000,000 in the year ending March 31, 1942. Still, an individual paying off four dollars on account of a $729 liability in the course of a year is not making notable progress and the comparison holds good when millions rather than single dollars are considered.

Officially, the net debt is described as "the gross debt, less (the book value of) revenue-producing and realizable assets." It will be noted that in ten years the net debt has increased by $262,200,000, much more than the increase in the gross direct debt, and indicating that much borrowed money has gone into non-realizable assets.

In the same ten-year period, the indirect debt, of which the province is the "backer," has increased by $51,400,000. Hydro securities form a major part of this item.

Returning to the matter of direct taxation, it will have been observed that the six basic taxes producing a yearly average of $41,860,000 for the 1930-34 period jumped to a yearly average of $66,840,000 for the 1936-40 period, a yearly increase of $24,980,000. The yearly average for 1941-42 works out at $89,400,000, which is $47,540,000 more per year than sufficed in 1930-34.

Ontario's population in 1931 was 3,431,683; in 1941 it was 3,756,632, an increase of nine per cent. Yet the increase in the collection rate of the six basic taxes is approximately one hundred and ten per cent.

Provincial concessions to municipalities are costing the province approximately an extra $11,000,000 a year in recent years but this is a long way indeed from the extra $47,500,000 a year collected from six direct taxes alone.

Here, plainly, is a field for some profitable digging on the part of the legislative assembly, much more profitable than simply coasting through a 21-day session. Reconstruction is bound to see much that is outmoded and inefficient disappear and hard and honest work must be a major factor in a real reconstruction program. In these times of relative prosperity, can Ontario not do something toward cutting a debt of nearly three quarters of a billion dollars and an annual outgo of a hundred and twenty millions? It is difficult to say. No-one in authority attempts the task—least of all the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

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AFTER THE WAR

A Program for Employment Security -- II

BY S. ECKLER

LAST week's article described employment security as a three-storeyed structure. The provision of infinite job opportunities occupies the base, thorough vocational training facilities the second storey, and the guarantee of an adequate living allowance to the unemployed, the top storey. This article will examine the two basic objectives to be sought after in the assurance of an adequate living allowance to the unemployed Canadian worker.

First, the payment of a living allowance must be subservient to and co-ordinated with the other two branches of the employment security picture. These are the provision of limitless job opportunities and a program of thorough vocational training for the unemployed, the demobilized and the young. A far healthier social attitude is then engendered. It is that society owes me a job, rather than that society owes me a living. If this order of importance were not maintained employment security would quickly degenerate into a mere benefit-giving agency entirely devoid of the constructive features of real social security. This is not to minimize the necessity of adequate unemployment compensation. For the specter of periods of unemployment without wages is the greatest fear facing the worker. Only the guarantee of an adequate living allowance while unemployed can conquer this fear.

Secondly, an adequate living allowance should be paid to every unemployed worker as a statutory right and, so far as possible, without reference to his means. The great question in the provision of unemployment compensation is not whether an allowance, living or otherwise, should be paid to the unemployed. It is how the allowance should be paid. For unemployed Canadians during the Great Depression were not allowed to starve—not to death, anyway. The federal, the various provincial and municipal governments combined financially to grant relief allowances to the unemployed. But the whole relief program was on a shaky emergency basis. The various governments simply made appropriations every year for the required relief payments. There still is not, at this time, a statutory provision guaranteeing to the unemployed a relief payment while unemployed.

Aside from the emergency and unplanned basis of Canadian unemployment relief, aside from its inadequacies in coverage and amount of allowance, the whole principle of relief payments, of which the means test is an integral part, is questioned by serious social thinkers. If we define an unemployed person as a person willing and able to work, but without a job, unemployment at once becomes a social disease. If the disease is social and therefore no fault of the unemployed worker there should be no indignity or sin attached to the receipt of a living allowance.

What Are the Steps?

What is the situation now and what steps should we Canadians take to approach the two objectives outlined above?

In August, 1940, was passed the Canadian Unemployment Insurance Act. We do not propose to delve into a detailed analysis of its conditions. We shall suggest, however, a broadening of its provisions in order to achieve as closely as possible the above two objectives.

The Unemployment Insurance Commission is a body of three men appointed by the Dominion Cabinet to administer the Act. As such, it is not charged specifically with the provision of job opportunities and vocational training facilities. These latter functions were probably recognized as necessary components of a broad employment security structure. But they were felt not to be appropriate matters for the jurisdiction of unemployment insurance. Indirectly however, the Commission does aid in the provision of job opportunities and vocational training. For it directs the employment services which accelerate the movement of workers to available jobs. It thus more quickly exploits existing job opportunities. A National Employment Committee and Regional Employment Committees composed of worker and employer representatives have been organized to aid the Commission in finding jobs and placing workers.

In the matter of vocational training the Act provides for the payment of unemployment insurance benefits to all insured unemployed workers undergoing a course of instruction approved by the Commission. The actual training would probably be given by the Federal Labor Department.

Until quite recently the Federal Labor Department and the Unemployment Insurance Commission were two separate entities. The institution of National Selective Service made it necessary for these two entities to be more closely knit together. Consequently, an Order-in-Council was passed recently under the War Measures Act making the Unemployment Insurance Commission responsible to the Federal Minister of Labor.

Need of Co-ordination

This absorption continues under the War Measures Act only for the war's duration. But the war's lessons might well be practised after the war is over. Adequate training facilities complement the provision of unemployment insurance benefits. It is highly desirable that these two functions be co-ordinated under one directive body. Whether that body be the Unemployment Insurance Commission, the Department of Labor, or some other organization co-ordinating the latter two is not as important as the necessity of some such body. This body must also assume responsibility for the base of the whole unemployment security structure—the provision of limitless job opportunities.

How close are we in Canada today to the second objective of a sound unemployment compensation program? Under this objective every unemployed worker is to receive an adequate living allowance as a statutory right.

There are two big gaps that must be repaired before this second objective is achieved. For every Canadian worker is not covered by the Unemployment Insurance Act. In addition, when even a covered worker becomes unemployed his insurance benefits may be discontinued before he finds a job.

We could recite the list *ad nauseam* of the type of employee that is not covered by the Unemployment Insurance Act. One group which includes employees in the farming, fishing, lumbering and domestic service industries was excepted because of the obvious difficulties in collecting contributions and paying benefits. Another group which numbers, amongst others, the Dominion civil servants was probably not considered to need unemployment protection.

But of more interest than the detailed list of excepted employments is the actual numbers of Canadian employees excluded from coverage under the Act. On March 31, 1942, there were about 3,300,000 Canadian employees at work. This figure does not include the armed services. On that same date only 2,500,000 of these employees were insured under the Act. Thus, close to 1 out of every 4 Canadian workers is left outside its benefits provisions.

As an immediate step in extending coverage the demarcation line between employees earning under $2,000 per year and those earning over 2,000 should be eliminated. In the operation of the Act this demarcation has been nothing but an administrative headache. It serves no useful purpose. In addition, plans should be drawn now so that by the close of the war all the remaining excepted employments are included under the Act. Planning is needed here for there are ticklish administrative difficulties to be ironed out in most of these excepted employments. All employees would then be covered regardless of income.

A Minimum Benefit

The Unemployment Insurance Act provides a living allowance to all unemployed who have been insured. It provides this allowance as a matter of right without reference to the means of the recipient. As such, it is a decided improvement over the chaotic relief schemes of the 1930's. But the insurance benefits are payable only for a limited period. More exactly, the length of the benefit period in any benefit year is one-fifth of the contribution periods in the preceding 5 years less one third of the periods for which benefits have been paid in the preceding 3 years. The purpose of this method, aptly named the ratio rule, is to relate the number of weeks benefits received to the number of weeks' contribution paid and thereby prevent severe fluctuations in the disbursements of the Unemployment Insurance Fund. The Maximum period of benefits under this rule is 1 year. But the average benefit period after the war will be far less. For the first workers to be dismissed then will be those with a short employment record.

There should be a minimum benefit period established for the post-war adjustment days because of the drastic employment changes that may occur then. This minimum period might vary from 26 weeks to one year. The additional cost of this should properly be met by government subsidy as a specific post-war adjustment measure.

As Statutory Right

A supplementary permanent plan must be instituted to provide living allowances as a statutory right to unemployed who have exhausted their insurance benefits. The history of the British Unemployment Insurance system points to the necessity of such a measure. In Great Britain all insured employees who have exhausted their benefits and all employees who are not insured receive a living allowance while unemployed from the Unemployment Assistance Board as a statutory right. A means test is imposed on the recipients of this assistance. However, the British worker fiercely resents this test and his representatives have perennially protested it as an intrusion upon his privacy, and a stimulus to irresponsibility. Under a means test, the unemployed who by thrift and diligence has saved a little money is unfairly penalized.

As an ultimate objective we should aim at the complete wiping-out of the means test for all the unemployed except the mentally deficient and the demoralized.

Whilst the Unemployment Insurance plan is supported by contributions from employees, employers and the State, the supplementary unemployment allowance measure would probably be financed, as in Great Britain, from general taxation. In that case, it is essential that the finances of the Unemployment Insurance Fund and the unemployment allowance scheme, although administered by the same body, should be kept separate.

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Preparing to Fight the Enemy Inside France

BY CHARLES FOLEY

A heartening tale of French organization for revolt, brought to London by Andre Phillip, a former Professor of Lyons University, and told to the author, who is Foreign Editor of the London Daily Express.

A new spirit of contradiction rises in all classes of society, greatly hampering the German occupation. All political groups are in process of co-ordination, awaiting the day when the Allies will invade France.

THE powder-trains are laid in France for the greatest explosion of violence since 1789. They link city to city, village to village, in an intricate pattern of conspiracy and cool, careful preparation.

And the master-fuse which is waiting to be lit was placed the other day in the hands of General de Gaulle. "L'heure H"—zero hour for the national uprising that is planned—will strike on the day that the British go back for the second battle of France.

Behind a great deal of this story that cannot be fully told till the war is won is the figure of a forty-year-old professor, André Philip, of Lyons University.

Philip arrived in England recently from France, after breaking through several police and military cordons to do so. A few days later he was appointed Commissioner for the Interior and for Labor in de Gaulle's Cabinet. But the title is no hollow one, because Philip, so far from being a fugitive from France, has come to London to take up a post which amounts to being de Gaulle's chief of staff to the civilian army in France.

Philip talks English, looks English. He wears loose, rough tweeds. He has always a pipe in his hand. In spite of all this he is a phenomenon.

In the two years since the armistice and in the last two months of his journeying in France Philip has done more to bring the vast masses of the people behind a common cause than has been achieved since the great days of the Popular Front. Primarily because he is the sort of man you trust. As a university don he had the confidence of the middle classes. As a Socialist M.P. he kept his hands and record clean. As leader of the Christian trade unions he won the respect of the fundamentally moderate workers in France.

The de Gaulle movement has a military basis. It looked a shade too "Rightist" for most Frenchmen. Philip made it his business to deal with Nazi-inspired suspicions.

By the vigor of his personality, by cool common sense allied with a fearless and burning patriotism, he has helped to secure for de Gaulle the allegiance of every fighting party in France.

A Common Program

Scattered centres of resistance have been unified. Leaders of rival organizations have met and agreed on a common program. Where resistance was spontaneous and anarchical discipline has been imposed.

In gearing the struggle still more closely into the Allied plan, Philip will be dealing with men in France whom he knows, whose risks he has shared, and whose difficulties and ideals he understands.

I asked him, at a week-end discussion of some length, how the powerful Communist Party was co-operating. I singled out the Communists because of their great influence in the industrial cities and their flair for organizing.

Philip, one of France's foremost Protestants, paid glowing tribute to their loyalty and courage. "They are magnificent," he said. "And it must be remembered they court the greatest danger, since any Communist discovered is shot at once."

Socialists, Syndicalists, Conservatives are also forming militant groups in all the towns and cities, and the vast mass of the population are supporting them. The difficulty now is not to raise the fighting spirit of the French but to hold it in check "for the day."

"We've got the Germans worried," said Philip. "They are doing all they can to provoke the people into premature revolt so as to lay their hands on our leaders. They know that when the time comes there will arise from the very soil of France a great army of men—yes, and women too—to kill, to sabotage, and to blast open for their allies a road to Germany."

It is Philip's faith that such an army will be many times more effective and a thousand times more numerous than any parachute legion the Allies may drop behind the lines. They will start with their feet on the ground instead of with their heads in the clouds.

Arms will be in their hands, and in their hearts a cold, directed hatred of the invader, whom they have the advantage of knowing so well.

"There was once," said Philip, "a popular story that Frenchmen were divided after their defeat into two classes—those who said, 'Let's hope our friends the English win,' and those who said, 'Let's hope those damned Englishmen win.' That is true no longer. The new France does not wish to accept her liberation from the British and Americans; she wants to win it fighting side by side with them, for herself."

The New France

The new France. It is a phrase worth recording because it crystallizes the slow, almost imperceptible changes through which the French people have passed since June 1940—the fearful shock of unexpected defeat, the sullen apathy of the conquered, the beginning of hope and, now, resurgence.

Philip gave me instances of this new spirit, which leads to open defiance of the Germans every day.

A month ago, himself a wanted man, he was sitting in a restaurant near Paris when five German officers demanded a meal. "It is one o'clock," said the proprietor. "The restaurant is full. Besides, there is nothing left to eat."

The Germans sat down at a table outside. They ordered drinks, but they did not get them.

At 1.15 the window was flung open and the café's radio blared: "Ici Londres!"—the B.B.C. program in French.

When the officers left, as they did at once, Philip asked the café owner why he had risked arrest with this piece of bravado. "J'en ai assez," was the reply. That answer — "We've stood enough of it"—is echoed by all France.

In general the Germans have given up even trying to stop the French from listening in to those poisonous British bulletins. Anyone who happens to be out during the transmissions has only to step into an apartment house, where every door is open and a dozen radio sets are tuned full-strength to London.

Philip was in Paris when the Germans ordered that all Jews should wear a yellow star. At midday thousands of Latin Quarter students poured into the streets with stars pinned all over them; next day the scheme was dropped.

Philip travelled widely over France. He puts pro-British sentiment at 95 per cent in the Occupied Zone, perhaps 80 per cent in the Petained Vichy area.

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To obtain a Tire Retreading job you must go through the same procedure. However, no Permit is necessary for Tire Repairs . . . and if your tires have any small cuts or bruises, we urge you to have them repaired immediately, before they lead to more serious trouble.

And don't forget every Firestone Dealer is pledged to help you get the very last mile out of your present tires, regardless of their make. For 25 years Firestone has been training their dealers in tire conservation. Consequently, Firestone Dealers have the experience, knowledge and equipment to be of definite help to you. This service plus common-sense wartime driving on your part helps you extend the life of your tires for thousands of extra miles. See your nearby Firestone Dealer today.

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3. Have air pressure checked every week. *Underinflation is the greatest enemy of tire life.*
4. Drive slowly—avoid quick starts and stops that grind off the tread. Go easy on curves and use gears instead of brakes on steep hills.
5. Park with care—do not scrape sidewalls or bump the curb.

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The Battle of the Seas is the Crucial Battle

BY LT.-COM. WILLIAM STRANGE, R.C.N.V.R.

Proper distribution of the fighting assets of United Nations depends entirely upon shipping. The maintenance of adequate shipping services depends in turn upon the protecting navies of those Nations.

Among these Navies that of Canada, negligible in the fateful days of 1917 when the same problem had to be faced, is now strong and growing, and is already fighting one-third of that part of the Battle of the High Seas which goes on in the Atlantic and adjacent waters.

There must be no avoidable delay in the forging of the protective ring of steel around the merchant shipping which serves the United Nations' cause.

IT IS a truism that, of all the vast long-term battles in which the forces of The United Nations are engaged, the most important is, and for long has been, the Battle of The High Seas.

The holding of Britain depends upon it. The holding of the Middle East depends upon it. The holding of Russia depends upon it in notable degree. The defence of Australia, the attack upon the Pacific Islands filched by the Japanese; the rolling back of the savage hordes of Japan, or the invasion of their islands; the defence of India, and the Second Front in Europe—every one of these depends, in inescapable fact, upon the Battle of The Seas.

The advantages held by the United Nations over our enemies are fewer than they once were, but they are still potentially preponderant. We have preponderance in man-power and in manufacturing power. We have, or soon shall have, preponderant air-power. Properly placed, and unloosed upon our enemies at the correctly chosen moment, the joint product of these great assets can scarcely be other than victory.

But the placing, because of the geographical distribution of these assets, can only be done by ships. The timing requirements can only be met by the skilful organization of shipping movements. Conversely, by the loss of ships, and by the disorganization of shipping movements, our best laid plans can be disturbed, upset, and even brought to final ruin. Germany knows this. Hence the continuous and virulent U-boat campaign which is the main preoccupation of the Royal Canadian Navy.

At the present time, our shipping losses are disturbingly high. The U-boat, originally (and erroneously) regarded as the Nemesis of the battle-ship, has turned out to be an effective dagger slashing continuously at the arteries of our communications. It is a dangerous situation, and to pretend otherwise is folly. But it is not yet by any means a fatal situation. The damage can be largely repaired in the shipyards: the dangers of the future can be reduced by extension of the convoy system.

It has to be remembered that the situation is not new in modern naval warfare. The U-boat, which did such fearful damage in 1917, is still the primary foe. It has not been displaced by the bomber. It still remains the commerce-destroyer *par excellence*.

The modern U-boat has some advantages over its 1917 prototype. It has a range of up to 15,000 miles. This renders the use of bases on American Atlantic coasts, or of "mother-ships" in the North Atlantic, unnecessary. The top-performance figures, in ideal weather conditions, and for limited periods of time, are impressive. Top speed, on the surface, *can* be 20 knots: top speed, submerged, 9 to 10 knots. In emergency, a U-boat can remain submerged for 24 hours. Some carry as many as 14 torpedoes. Only a proportion of merchant ships can exceed 10 knots: many can do little more than 6 or 7.

Hunter's Advantages

Against these, which, it is repeated, are top figures for limited periods in ideal conditions, may be set new advantages possessed by the "hunter." Aircraft are infinitely more effective than in the last war. The "asdic" a remarkably good submarine detector—has come upon the scene. The modern depth charge has more "kick." New, and effective, anti-submarine escort vessels, notably the corvette, have been developed. The whole technique of anti-submarine warfare has been considerably improved.

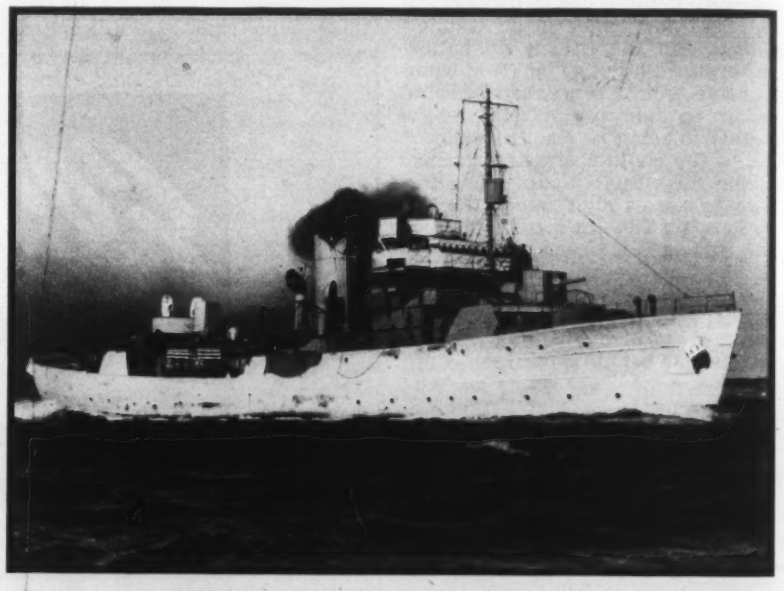
Nevertheless, it is well that we should realize the gravity of the situation. It is necessary that we should understand that, properly handled, it can be effectively controlled. For the proper handling we may look to history.

In October of 1916, Admiral Sir John (later Lord) Jellicoe wrote to the Admiralty expressing his concern at the "serious danger that our losses in merchant ships, combined with the losses in neutral merchant ships, may, by the summer of 1917, have such a serious effect upon the import of food and other necessaries into the Allied Countries as to force us into accepting peace terms which the military position on the Continent would not justify, and which would fall short of our desires."

1917 a "Ghastly Year"

At that time no extensive convoy system was in use. The shipping losses due to enemy action in the preceding month were 230,460 tons. In April of the following year they were 881,027 tons. In each of seven months during 1917 over half a million tons of shipping went to the bottom. In no month did the enemy sink less than a quarter of a million tons.

In that ghastly year, during which the seas were strewn with the bodies of merchant seamen, during which untold hours of toil at the lathe, on the farm and in the office, were rendered fruitless by the hull-shattering blow of the furious torpedo, the Allied Navies learned that the protection of the merchant ship had become their most onerous and most necessary duty. They learned, too,



In the accompanying article, Lt.-Com. Strange discloses that new and effective anti-submarine escort vessels have been developed to further the work of the men who hunt down U-boats. Notable among such vessels are the corvettes, one of which is here helping to lay a smoke screen.

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in the hard school of adverse experience, how to carry it out. The prime necessity was, as it still is, the proper organization and proper protection of convoys.

The strength of our sea-power was nurtured anew in the shipyards, in the anti-submarine training schools, in the offices of the Naval Control Service where shipping movements were organized. The battle was fought from the decks and in the engine rooms of small ships on the high seas, steaming ever-vigilant upon the convoys' flanks and rear, and in their van. It became identically the same trial of strength, the same battle, in which we are engaged today.

There were five navies to deal with this. Japan policed the Pacific. Italy provided bases and occasional valuable aid in the Mediterranean. At Britain's side were France and the United States—both first-class naval powers. The French bases were in our hands, and so were bases in what is now Eire.

Today the situation is very different. Japan menaces the Pacific, following a series of extraordinary successes which have given her both bases and raw materials at our expense. Italy provides bases, and occasional aid of at least nuisance value, to our enemies. Just where the Vichy Navy stands, it is hard to tell. Neither French nor Southern Irish bases are available to us. The French bases are the U-boats' homes.

Danger is Great

We may as well face all this. We may as well realize, as we surely must, that we are dealing with a danger greater than that which prompted Jellicoe's near-prophetic letter. It is a danger greater than those resulting from reverses on the Russian Front, greater than that brought about by the territorial and material losses in the Pacific area. It is the supreme danger to our cause.

It so happens that one portion of the answer to the U-boat, namely the provision of quantities of sturdily built and bravely manned escort vessels, has lain within the power of Canadian shipyards and Canadian manhood.

Because of this the "tin-pot" Navy of pre-war days, pathetically small in numbers, yet great in latent achievement, has now become a most formidable anti-submarine force. It is a convoy navy, and makes no pretence at being anything else. At this crucial point in the devastating yet cumbrous battle of the seas, a convoy navy is exactly what is needed.

Our Navy is now fighting one-third of that portion of the battle which is being fought in the Atlantic Ocean and adjacent waters. Our ships are guarding convoys in the blue waters of the Caribbean as they are guarding them in the bitter, storm-tossed North Atlantic. The heroism and fortitude of our farm-boy and bank-clerk sailors will become proverbial in the clear light of history yet to be written. We are fighting one-third of the battle, and the convoys are still getting through with no more than a negligible proportion of loss. It is the unescorted ships that are being sunk.

All this is not to suggest that the battle is going well. It is not. It will not go well for some time to come. It cannot begin to go appreciably better until, overcoming the tremendous handicaps resulting from our unpreparedness, our past reverses, and the natural reluctance of well-fed democracies to recognize and act upon unpleasant facts, our convoy system is fully organized for coastal as well as ocean waters, our strength in numbers of escort vessels becomes equal to the heavy task, and our shipyards begin to overtake the loss with new building.

Not in a Day

These things cannot be accomplished in a day. They are in the process of accomplishment, and signs of improvement are visible, but it may be many months before the U-boat menace is controlled. Indeed, it seems almost certain that it will be.

This year of 1942, then, is the "1917" of World War II. It is a ghastly year in which heroic seamen by the many scores have lost their lives, a year in which the sinkings have beaten the shipyards, and the duration of the war has been prolonged by the U-boats' depredations. Once again, the strength of our sea-power must be—and indeed, is being—nurtured in the shipyards, in the anti-submarine training schools, in the offices of the Naval Control Service and others more remote whence the movement of shipping is planned and controlled. Once again, it is being fought from the decks and in the engine-rooms of small ships on the high seas.

In the protective ring of steel that must now be placed around our merchant ships there must be no weak link. There must be no avoidable delay in the forging of that ring.

It is a prideful matter that so many of the ships, so many of the shipyards, are Canadian. This is one of the outstanding differences between the last Great War and this. There is a new Navy engaging the U-boat today. It is ours. Upon the wisdom of its staff officers, upon the courage, endurance and vigilance of the professional and amateur sailors who command and man the noble little ships, there may well depend the fate of mankind for generations to come.

In peacetime, the model-maker was just a man with a hobby. Today he is invaluable to Navy, Army and the Air Force for his ability to duplicate on small-scale for study purposes the enemy's ships, tanks and planes. At sea, as on land, identification of enemy aircraft is an important part of the training every man goes through, as shown above. Here models of aircraft have been strung on a line for the crew to examine, become familiar with. From Ottawa, recently, it was stated that the RCAF are having 50,000 model planes made for them.

Quotation from actual letter received from overseas

The risks we take and the discomforts we suffer are easier to bear when we know the folks at home are working and praying for us—

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THE HITLER WAR

Some Plain Talk About the Second Front

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE miracle of Stalingrad and Wendell Willkie's statement about the need for "prodding" our military leaders have again pushed the second front question into the forefront of public discussion. Some people are content that our military leaders will open one when they can. Others are baffled at the delay and worried lest it be postponed too long through a desire to have "the last button sewn on the last soldier's tunic" before we move. A few express suspicion and bitterness that the old Munich policy of letting Germany and Soviet Russia chew each other to pieces is still in the saddle.

Actually, I think that our second front policy is neither a matter of great mystery, nor one for suspicion. It has been said that had we tackled the opening of a front in Western Europe with the same determination which carried off Dunkirk ("we found ships for that, didn't we?") and won the Battle of Britain, we could have managed it all right. All that was needed, therefore, this argument concludes, was the strategic insight, but chiefly the *will*, to put this question above all others. That makes it very simple.

But if our second front policy is not mysterious, neither is it simple. It is, in fact, extremely complicated. What would it have cost in other theatres to have put the second front first? Was the army ready for it? Could we have made it a big enough effort to really relieve Russia? Was not such a big effort actually made impossible by Hitler's U-boat war? What were the risks of failure?

Need 60-70 Divisions

To have forced Hitler to change his plans in Russia an invasion of Western Europe would have had to be carried out by late spring or early summer. Since the United States was no more than in the war by then, and most of her attention was drawn to the Pacific, almost the whole of the task would have fallen to Britain. And it would have been a formidable task. No use sending over 30 divisions to fight the 30 divisions which Hitler maintains across the Channel, and give them something to do instead of standing about. To afford Russia any real relief we should have had to send 60 or 70 divisions. The Canadian Army's 4 divisions (now 5) do not loom very big in such a calculation.

It may be doubted whether Britain had 70 fully-trained and equipped front-line divisions in the Isles ready for this task. But if she had, is it thinkable that while accumulating all possible men and supplies for a continental expedition she could, in the early months of this year, have sent overseas the forces which arrived just in time to save Ceylon and take over Madagascar, and with them assure control of the Indian Ocean? Or the large convoy which arrived just in time to secure India? Or that greatest convoy of all, which Mr. Churchill has lately revealed was round the Cape at the time of the disaster in Libya and arrived in time to secure Egypt and the Levant from Rommel's threat?

Cost Us Middle East?

The cost of opening a second front in Europe this summer might easily have been loss of the Middle East and the Indian Ocean, allowing the junction of German and Jap forces in that region, as obviously planned by the Axis for this year. Some people will reply to this that "in war you have to make up your mind to give up something;" you cannot spread your forces all over, but must concentrate somewhere to strike a winning blow. But would the opening of a front in France this summer have made up to Russia for the overrunning of the Middle East by the Nazis, and the outflanking of the Caucasus?

For it is not likely that, if we had opened a continental front, we could have staged a victory march into the Ruhr this year. Had we enough of the right kind of tanks and anti-tank guns? Had we enough experienced commanders and tank crews? Had we our army co-operation aviation ready? The army which was driven off the continent at Dunkirk in 1940 was years behind the Germans in the machinery and training for modern warfare. Had it made up this lag? Surely the lesson of the Libyan fighting is that it would have been a great risk to match our manoeuvre-trained forces against the Germans, experienced through many campaigns; and the lesson of Dieppe, that we will do well to sap the German military power and confidence by further bombing before grappling with them.

If this was ordained as British policy for 1942, the Russians must accept a good deal of the responsibility for it. When Britain was on the continent in 1939-40, and committed to a continental policy similar to that of the last war, it was the Russians who failed to open a second front. They may feel that they had good and sufficient reasons, and not like these to be questioned. But the result was that Germany was able to throw her whole weight to the west and drive the British Army out of Europe, forcing Britain to modify her whole war strategy and convert her war production.

She had suddenly to switch over from a continental strategy to one of securing her own island; holding the Middle East and the seas of the world so that she could muster the strength of the empire and receive the aid from the United States which she hoped would ultimately be forthcoming; and preparing a great bombing offensive as the only way of hitting back at Germany directly. When you have decided on your strategy you have to trim your arms production to it, and it takes about two years before this comes to full fruition. So that just when Russia wanted Britain back on the continent, the latter was fully armed and equipped to dominate the air over the British Isles and the Channel, hold the Middle East and most of the seven seas, and bomb Germany.

Switched Our Production

Instead of artillery, tanks, machine-guns, motor transport and army co-operation aviation getting the call for all-out production in Britain in 1940 and 1941, this had to go to fighter planes and anti-aircraft devices, destroyers, corvettes and aircraft-carriers, shipping for the long Cape route, and big bombers for Germany. You can't have everything. Even a mighty war power like Germany has had to forego a strong surface fleet in order to have more submarines. To build her great army Russia has had to forego the naval power with which to protect her sea routes to the outer world, from Murmansk and Vladivostok, as well as a strong merchant marine, leaving it up to us to get supplies to her. Even the United States, many say, must choose between a huge army and an air power adequate to the tasks which face

"Prodding" the Government for a Second Front: Willkie's suggestion in action, in London's Trafalgar Square. Canada House in background.

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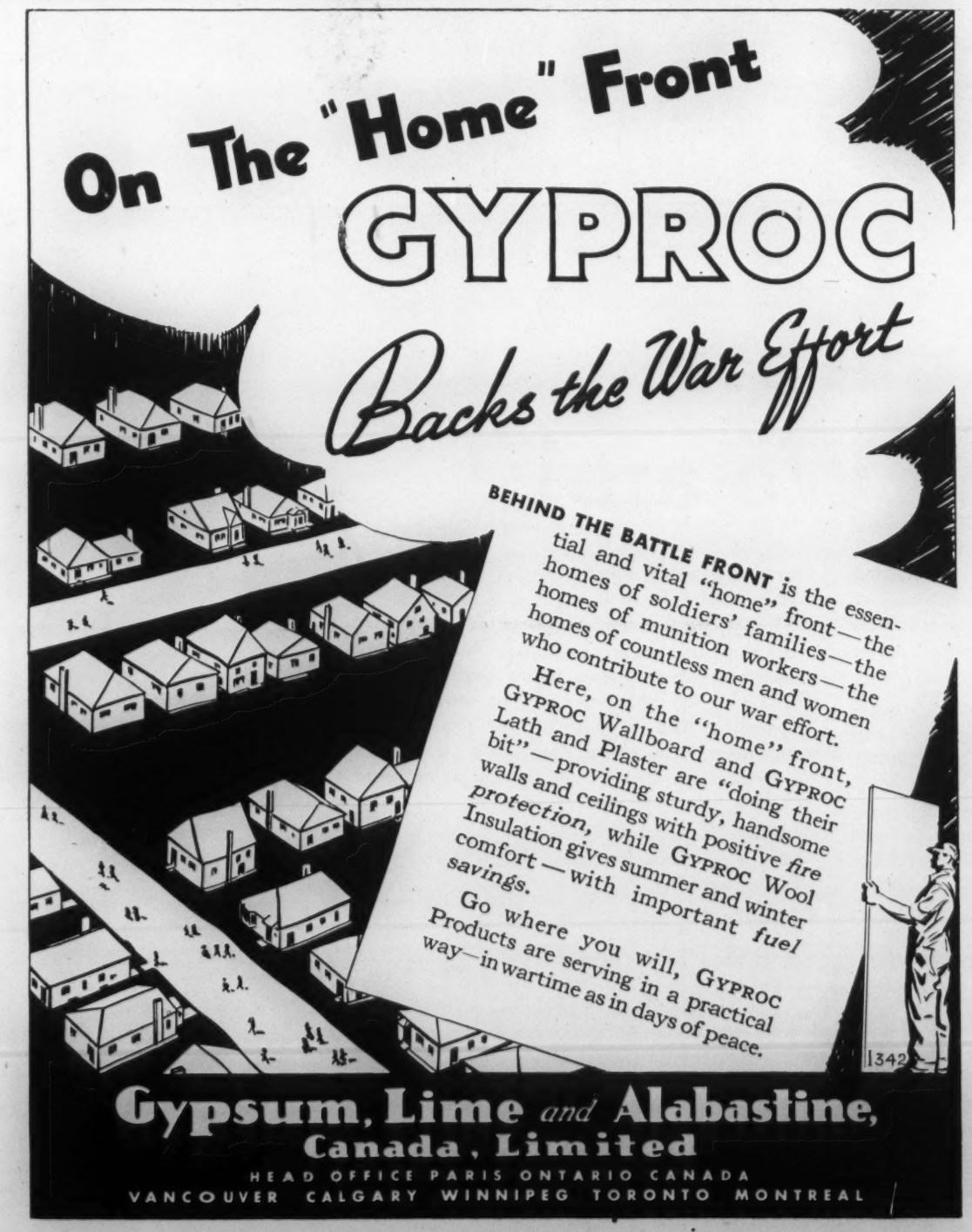
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What the RAF did to Mainz: our "Second Aerial Front" has hit at the heart of German war power as our armies could not likely have done this year had they crossed the Channel. RAF spokesmen rank the devastation in Mainz, big Rhine industrial and railroad centre, as falling not far behind that in Cologne, Duesseldorf, Hamburg, Bremen, Karlsruhe and Kassel. The area of complete devastation in Mainz—part of it is shown in our photograph—extends to 135 acres; and in addition to the city centre many industrial suburbs were smashed. An important chemical factory was struck by a heavy bomb, and a large cement works severely damaged. No less than eight army barracks were bombed or burned out. The lattice-like effect in the picture is caused by the sun shining through open roofs and gaping windows. The white scarred patches are just rubble where heavy blast bombs have blown the buildings down. This was achieved, it should be noted, with our two-ton "block-buster"; now we are using a four-tonner. Note also that the streets are devoid of traffic, the city centre is dead. "The city is dead" has been the admission wrung from Nazi correspondents visiting city after bombed city.

her from one end of the world to the other.

This was, broadly, Britain's position with regard to an invasion of Europe this year, and these the reasons why, in Anglo-American conferences early this year, British military leaders are said to have opposed such a move in 1942 while American staff chiefs favored it. That might have been all right had the shipping situation permitted the transportation of large numbers of American armored troops and infantry to back up the initial British landing. But as the U-boat war developed disastrously, all prospect of this faded.

Were "some" of the military leaders whom Mr. Willkie thought would need prodding about a second front the British leaders, then? I am not suggesting that Willkie, for whom I have a keen admiration, is any man's fool; but it does seem as though he picked up this idea about "prodding" from the Russian leaders with whom he had been conferring. As these articles have often pointed out the development of public pressure on the Allied Governments for a second front has been official Russian policy for the past year or more.

"Second Front To Aid Russia"—we are all familiar with the slogan. Of course we want to aid Russia—and the sentiment does us credit, for she never moved a muscle to aid us in our darkest hour. She held no public meetings to express admiration of Britain or British democracy while that country was holding off the Luftwaffe and winning the battle which saved Russia as well as herself.

Our Second-Frontists

Let us keep our thinking clear about Russia, and not get entangled by these foolish and fanatic people who sabotaged our war as an "imperialist struggle" before June 1941, but then suddenly discovered that it was a "people's war", and cry for maximum production and an immediate second front—"to save Russia". For it is Russia that they are interested in saving; they never cared a hang about saving Canada or Britain or the United States.

"Saving Russia" cannot be made the basis of our war policy. It would be madness not to co-operate with her to the full in defeating Germany, as such an old-time opponent of the Bolsheviks as Winston Churchill recognized the instant that Hitler attacked—and indeed, long before. But our political and military leaders cannot send a million of our young men on to the beaches across the Channel on the basis of Soviet estimates of the proper strategy for winning the war. Such ventures must be determined by *our* views of how the war may best be won, just as the Soviets chose not to intervene in 1939 or 1940, because they believed Russian lives could be saved and Russian interests best served by that policy.

It would be highly desirable if Anglo-American and Russian strategy could be completely co-ordinated, and Allied forces placed under a Supreme Command, for the purpose of winning the war according to a "perfect" plan—just as desirable today as in 1939-40. But such a consummation apparently exceeds the limits of human nature.

There is the old legacy of distrust between the two sides, which is far from dissipated yet, and cannot be dissipated overnight. The Russians, Mr. Churchill reports, do not fully comprehend the difficulties of ocean transport, so how could they properly evaluate our effort, or judge the part we should play on the European land front?

Soviets Not So Frank

I am informed by reliable sources in London and Washington that, although we have been completely frank with them about our resources in all our conferences since Beaverbrook went to Moscow last fall, the Soviets have by no means returned this frankness. Even in the recent Churchill discussions in Moscow they would not give us full information of their reserves or their plans.

Under such circumstances a fully co-ordinated strategy is impossible, and when we go on to the continent we must be prepared, if necessary, to stand up to the Germans alone. What about the possibility, even the likelihood, that the Germans would have turned with satisfaction, neglecting Russia this summer to wipe us out? Where would our prospects of ending the war within a year or two be then? Russia would have been "saved" for this year, but she would have had to bear the brunt next year while we prepared another try.

Meanwhile a half million of our young men might have become casualties, to spare that many Russians. This raises another important aspect of the second front question. Material aid is one thing, but when it comes to spending lives how far does magnanimity go between great powers? The very essence of our democratic way of life, and its chief distinguishing feature from the Soviet ideal of the all-important, all-powerful state, is our regard for each individual life.

Perhaps this regard for individual life hampers our strategy too much. In certain circumstances it might in the end cost more than it saves. Yet we continue to prefer military leaders who are known to be careful of human life over others who have a reputation for squandering it. If our leaders had judged that without an Allied invasion of Western Europe this summer Russia must fall, heavy losses might have had to be accepted, with the view that they would be less than might be incurred by waiting till next year. But apparently they judged that Russia would stand.

Don't Want a "Front"

With that opinion, would they have been justified in spending the blood which it would have cost just to open and hold a front—which is apparently all that the Russians expected, and probably all that we could have achieved—if they had a strategic plan which they believed could do the job much cheaper next year?

After they were driven from the continent and forced to alter their strategy, the British leaders planned to win the war by first crippling German war production and morale through bombing, and then striking a hard, fast-moving blow with their invasion army. What they didn't want to do was just "open up another front" to consume manpower and supplies endlessly. They have been working to that new plan for the past two years and the bombing is beginning to show encouraging results. It is quite understandable that they should want to wait a little longer and reap its full benefit.

That, as I understand it, is the question of the second front in Western Europe up to date. But if there were many good reasons why Britain couldn't undertake an invasion by herself this summer, are not the circumstances somewhat different today, with Hitler fully committed in Russia, suffering grievous losses and held up at Stalingrad, with our shipping situation improving, new weapons flowing in greater quantity from British and American factories, and American troops and air forces moving in a growing stream across the Atlantic? May we not still see an Allied move this fall? Surely a great opportunity will be missed, and the epic defence of Stalingrad partly wasted if we do not make an important move somewhere, soon.

Speculation as to where or when such a move may be made is now discouraged. But one may at least remark this: If it were planned for Western Europe, what did Stalin and Churchill disagree about? Stalin is not a man to cry over spilt milk; he may have wanted the offensive earlier, but better late than not at all. Western Europe is the only place the Soviets are interested in seeing us take the offensive. So it may be coming somewhere else.

Too many broths spoil the cook

WHETHER you're a cook or a business man, if you have too many things to attend to at the same time, you're liable to neglect some of them. At today's rapid pace it may be difficult to give proper attention to both your business and your personal estate. We will be glad to explain to you in person the advantages of placing your property and securities in a special Agency Account with the Crown Trust Company, under which we will assume the details of managing your personal investments, safe keep the securities, collect and remit the income and keep all accounting records for income tax and other purposes.

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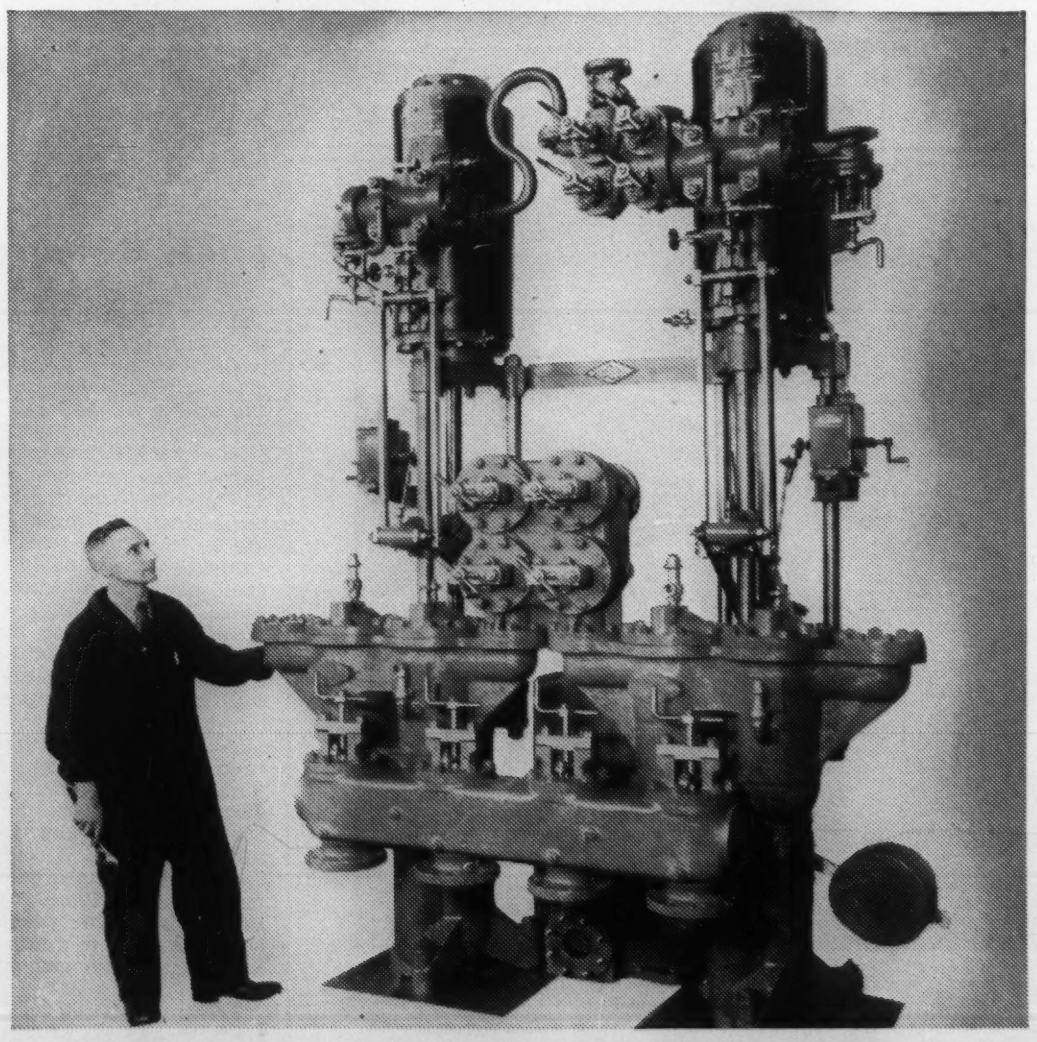

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London, England.

AS A columnistic cub in New York some years ago, I used to cluster about the knees of Heywood Broun and Percy Hammond, both of revered memory, in order to absorb their advice on matters of journalism. By long experience and great talent, they were masters of the business of writing for a living. They were at odds on many things but they were firmly agreed on the proposition that column-writing was a disagreeable chore. There was no joy in the business; it was all work.

I too find little rapture in the business of writing a column, and I remind readers of it at this point because I am about to compose a dubious essay on the English pub. Let it not be thought that I have been spending all of the war correspondent's spare time in the pubs. In the strict line of duty I have had to spend some little time in these fine drinking institutions. Not because I wanted to, but the business of gathering material for a column is arduous, and one must go where the people and soldiers go. They go to the pubs. Therefore I steeled myself to this duty on frequent occasions. And all the time, I hasten to add, I was not forgetful of the sage observation of Hammond and Broun. This was work. There I was, in the midst of the amiable abandon, strictly a man on a mission.

The people and the soldiers on

CANADA OVERSEAS

The British Pub is Unique

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

leave foregather at the pubs. Lest some wife or pining sweetheart in Indiana or Saskatchewan be disturbed over this circumstance, or some anxious mother fear that her proud young soldier will return a barfly, I should explain that the English pub is a rather wonderful institution. It is like no other public establishment in the world.

Except that brews and spirits are dispensed, the English pub bears no resemblance to New York's bar and grill, Ontario's licenced premises, or Montreal's club whose membership is legion. Just as there is no resemblance between "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Beat Me Daddy, Eight To The Bar" except that both songs are set down on sheets of music.

The pub is a place of relaxation and discussion. Usually it is an imposing room frowning with oak panelling and intricate woodwork design. The electrical fixtures are sombre in the fashion of the 'nineties, and tradition is so heavy upon the atmosphere that the most buoyant American spirit is at once reduced to conservative levels. Conversation is quiet and conducted against the background murmur of lager gushing from barrels. The barmaids are buxom and austere.

Because they are descended from wayside inns of old England, the pubs retain the landmark tradition in their titles. Thus we have "Flower of Kent," "Three Crutches," "Bunch of Grapes," "Bag o' Nails," "Bricklayers Arms" and a great variety of such colorful names.

Except in the West End hotel district of London where some have fallen to the boisterous level of a barroom, the pubs are "locals." They cater to the neighborhood trade. On an average evening you will find the local intelligentsia discussing the war around a table. In deep leather chairs in the corner an aged couple sip gingerly at their stout. Soldiers from a nearby establishment gather at the bar. A few housewives, their supper chores over, gossip at the far end of the room. The local policeman, off duty, brings in his wife for a glass of bitter. Half a dozen factory workers play darts under the staircase.

At Nine, the News

At nine o'clock the activity stops and there is silence. The radio news is being presented. All, including barmaids, pause to listen. For half an hour (for news and postscript) the pub is motionless. The moment the radio is turned off, discussion is resumed with renewed interest. The darts game becomes more exciting. The cackles from the housewives become shriller. Fingers begin to waggle at the table where the intelligentsia sit, probably because the radio news has illustrated a point of issue. Mrs. Rawlings bustles in the family entrance for a refill of bitter—and darts out quickly. But not before one of the housewives catches sight of her and there is a new wave of whispering.

The tempo is quickening. By this time the soldiers at the bar have joined the discussion group or the darts game. The publican's wife comes through and stops at each table for a chat. A couple at the bar have an amusing argument over the respective merits of Yorkshire and Lancashire, with practically everybody throwing in a remark. The pub has reached the height of its social activity.

Promptly at eleven o'clock (and not a second later) comes the chant of the barmaids—"Time, please, time." "Please, gentlemen! Time." The customers swallow their drinks, carry their glasses to the bar, button up their coats, turn on their flashlights and disappear behind the blackout curtain.

This obviously has no relation to a barroom as we know it in America. The pub is not a rendezvous for the shady characters of the district or for the chronic alcoholics. It is the evening clubroom for the masses of Britain. It is a place where a clerk brings his wife, not for a big night out occasionally, but for a glass or two of lager every evening. It is where the widower smokes his pipe and reads the paper; where the community gathers.

"Little Man's" Voice

Here is where the lone voice of the "little man" is heard. The thought of a shoe clerk trickles here into the stream of public opinion which flows into the House of Commons. Winston Churchill made the decision that Britain will defend itself to the last man, woman and child, but the power that gave effect to the decision came from the opinion of the pubs.

The pub, then, is an institution unique to this island. It could not be transported across the Atlantic because it is a product of tradition and social history and English temperament. That it is primarily associated with brews and spirits does not detract from its vast social importance.

Wives, sweethearts and anxious mothers back in Canada and the United States may, therefore, rest easy about the pubs. Their soldiers are finding in these a community clubhouse rather than a barroom. And in the pubs where Canadian, American, Australian, New Zealander and Briton are thrown together, misunderstanding is disappearing like the head on a glass of cheap ale. In these historic inns of Britain a new trans-ocean brotherhood is being welded, and even if the beer has a larger content of water than is palatable to the gusty young soldier, the friendships formed are hearty enough.

This correspondent would even go so far as to say that Percy Hammond and Heywood Broun might have reconsidered their judgment on the work accruing to a column if they had been on this particular assignment. As for me, I still insist columning is a lot of work. The observation requisite to this essay demanded that I spend many an evening in the pubs, and I resolutely decline to admit to my managing editor that I had a very nice time on assignment.

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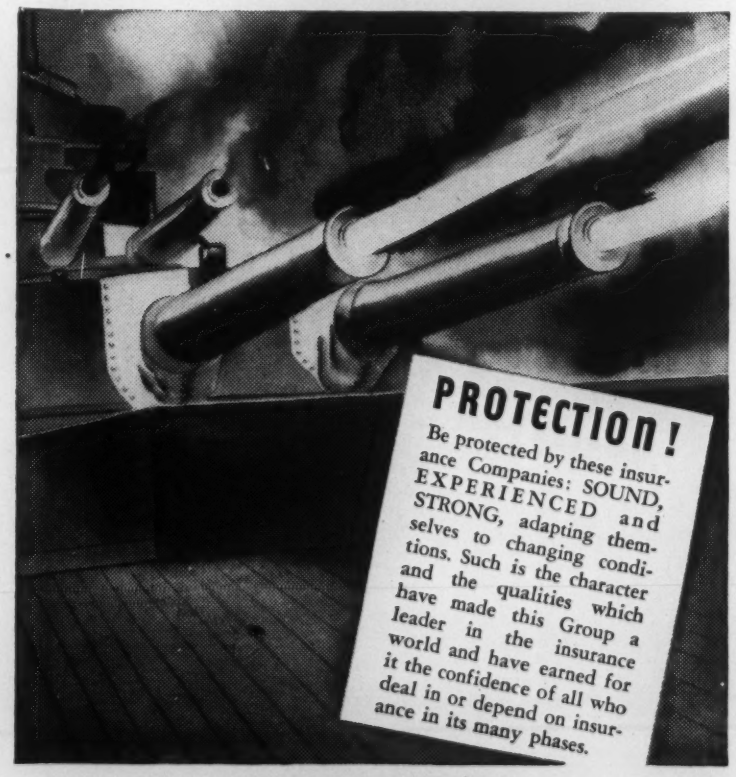
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BILL: It was the right size when I bought it.

PETE: Time we taught Bill about the "Sanforized" label as well as poker, don't you think boys?

TOM: *You bet! First thing to know about shirts bearing the "Sanforized" label is that they can't shrink out of fit—no matter how many times they go to the laundry. Label right inside 'em says the fabric won't shrink more than 1%.*

PETE: And 1%—that's penny-ante stuff!

BILL: All right, so I'll buy shirts with the "Sanforized" label tomorrow, but what'll I use for money? These "Sanforized" label jobs probably cost real money

TOM: *No they don't — anyway, we'll stake you to your first "Sanforized" labelled shirt and you can pay us back when you get flush again.*

BILL: O.K., it's a go! I.O.U. for "Sanforized!"

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Premier Hepburn's New Attitude Toward Labor

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

An exceedingly interesting development in Ontario politics is the current reconciliation between Premier Hepburn and some elements of organized labor. This was manifested most strikingly in Mr. Hepburn's participation in the labor Total War Rally held in Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto.

Other examples have been Mr. Hepburn's activity on behalf of Communists held at the Don Jail, and the proposed Ontario legislation guaranteeing the right to collective bargaining. It is too early to say where this reconciliation will lead Ontario politics. But it is a move worth watching.

DURING the past two or three months "something new has been added" to the kaleidoscope of Ontario politics, in the shape of the new political outlook of Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn.

This "something new" is Hepburn's reconciliation with labor in general, and with those sections of labor which he formerly bitterly combatted, in particular.

Of proofs there are many.

A few weeks ago Ontario was startled, amazed, and slightly amused at Hepburn's sudden and forceful gesture in single-handedly obtaining the release from the Don Jail of William Lawson, former Toronto School Trustee. Lawson had been arrested and held in jail on charges of being a Communist, on a warrant signed by the Minister of Justice, and executed by the R.C.M.P.

Hepburn's action was all the more dramatic since the Cabinet at Ottawa was at that time going through the motions of pigeon-holing the proposals of the special Parliamentary Committee which recommended the return of a legal status to the Communist Party and the release of the interned Communists and other anti-Fascists.

This move was spectacular.

Not quite so spectacular and little known is the fact that Premier Hepburn came to the rescue of the Workers Educational Association when the University of Toronto suddenly found itself "unable" to continue the Association's grant. No sooner was the matter brought to Hepburn's attention than the grant was restored.

The next move was more significant and far-reaching. It was an announcement by Mr. Heenan, Minister of Labor, that the provincial Government would introduce in the next session of the Legislature a bill guaranteeing the right of organization and collective bargaining and providing stiff penalities for failure to implement this right.

Nor did Mr. Hepburn's travels in the world of labor stop here.

There is no reason to keep secret the fact that he, more than anyone else, was responsible for making possible the visit to Toronto of the three Soviet war heroes.

For some reason certain persons in the Canadian Legation at Washington and others in Ottawa thought the visit might be "inadvisable." Then someone in Ottawa had the inspiration to link the visit with the War Bond campaign. This was accompanied by so much confusion and such hesitancy that it appeared Canada would not have the chance to be host to the three young people representing our fighting ally. Again Premier Hepburn came to the rescue.

He invited the Soviet heroes to come to Toronto as guests of the provincial Government. He helped make arrangements at the border and became personally interested in the organization of the Labor Total War Rally at Maple Leaf Gardens which turned into one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Canada. Throughout he worked with the leaders of the three unions which sponsored the rally—the United Automobile Workers Union, the Seamen's Union, and the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union.

Other Days

Those who attended the meeting could not but think back to other days as they saw on the platform Mr. Hepburn sitting side by side with Mr. C. S. Jackson, Vice-President of the United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers Union, Mr. Pat Sullivan, President of the Seamen's Union, and Mr. George Burt, Regional Director of the United Automobile Workers Union. On the same platform were the well-known Communists Joseph Salesberg and Norman Freed, the former just released from the Don Jail and the latter from internment at the Hull prison.

In his brief remarks at the meeting Mr. Hepburn explained his position in these words: "There is only one issue that counts today, that of winning the war and preserving civilization as we know it today, and in that regard there are only two schools of thought—those who believe in total war and those who do not. I believe in total war and so do you," he said pointing to the audience and the people on the platform, "so in that regard I find myself tonight among many friends, although there are many here with whom I have differed politically in times past."

This, in a nutshell, is the political basis of the reconciliation. This is a program accepted by the more militant, advanced sections of the labor movement. This is a program upon which such labor leaders as Mr. C. S. Jackson and others stand solidly.

Many who were present at the Maple Leaf Gardens the night of the meeting were skeptical.

Is Hepburn sincere? they asked. Does he mean what he says? Is he playing with labor to gain support?

The answer is not easy to provide. After all, for years Mr. Hepburn fought Ottawa on issues which most of us believed petty, intensely personal and often demagogic. But interestingly enough, it appears as if this very tradition of "oppositionism" has led Mr. Hepburn on to happier grounds.

There is little doubt that Mr. Hepburn's new orientation is due to a new phenomenon in Canadian life—the enormous growth of power of the organized labor movement, and especially of the mass trade unions of the C.I.O.—electrical, automobile, seamen's, steel.

These unions are beginning to influence decisively the political life of many industrial communities, such as Windsor, St. Catharines, Oshawa.

Labor's New Power

Hepburn has always been an astute politician. He knows that if labor is powerful enough to play an important political role, then it must be listened to. Hepburn, like everyone else, is not unmindful of the fact that labor can no longer be swayed by demagogic, contentless speeches.

On the other hand, in his campaign for a total war effort, Mr. Hepburn realizes that a tremendous amount of support can be derived from the organized labor movement.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Hepburn's recent activities have caused some misgivings in Ottawa. No sooner did Mr. Heenan make his announcement concerning the introduction of collective bargaining legislation than Mr. Mitchell also announced that a similar step would be taken in the Dominion Parliament.

Meanwhile the course being steered by Mr. Hepburn leads into further co-operation with labor. Where this will carry both Mr. Hepburn and the unions it is too early to say. But it is evident that the developments should be watched with an observant eye. Other parties and other groupings will have to study the situation.

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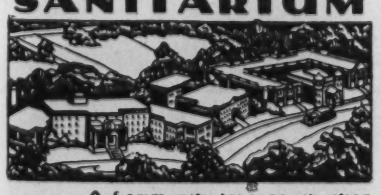

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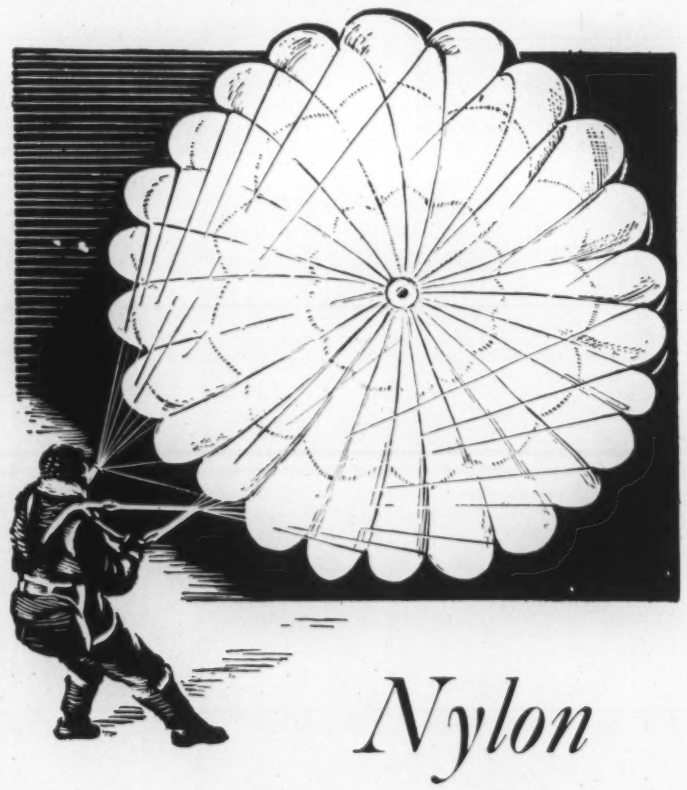

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The Commercial Traveller, a Wartime Essential

Edgar Burton, Administrator of Wartime Prices and Trade Board, consults with Ross Purvis and Ray Lister of Consolidated Press.

Murray W. Hayes is now Chairman of the National Committee of Canadian Commercial Travellers.

The commercial traveller's first-hand knowledge of the necessity of allotment of merchandise has made possible the assortment of linens which this customer, in a small town store, is examining.

Old-timer J. Harry Dodgson needs but one trunk in these war days.

Past, present and future Presidents of the C.T.A. of Canada are (reading from left to right) H. F. Tindale, John Curtis, J. J. Galway.

BY "JAY"

WHEN Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in a public speech many years ago that the travelling salesman comes closest of all the people of Canada to deserving the title of "Prince of Good Fellows" he was conferring a compliment, and expressing what is undoubtedly the foremost idea in the public mind on the subject of these ever-on-the-move promoters of the trade of the nation. But he was only telling one-half, and much the smaller half, of the truth about them. And too many people even today think that their chief requisite for a successful commercial traveller is skill in the art of being a good fellow.

The fact that the commercial traveller is a highly essential, and also a highly skilled, element in the commercial life of the country is only dimly apprehended by a large part of the population; and the role of Canada's forty thousand commercial travellers in the economy of the nation is misunderstood and underestimated by many. In these days when government regulation, on lines largely influenced by public opinion, is so compelling a factor in business, it has become necessary to remove this misunderstanding, and to formulate plans to make commercial travellers a still greater asset to the country and one which will perform needed functions in wartime as well as in peace. To this end a National Committee of Canadian Commercial Travellers has been formed. This Committee is made up of representatives from the following organizations, with Mr. Murray W. Hayes of Montreal as Chairman: the Commercial Travellers Association of Canada, Toronto; the Dominion Commercial Travellers Association, Montreal; the Ontario Commercial Travellers Association, London; the Maritime Commercial Travellers Association, Halifax; the North West Commercial Travellers Association, Winnipeg, and the Associated Canadian Travellers, Calgary.

This National Committee has offered to set up a co-operative committee to work with those in charge of manpower mobilization to ensure the most efficient use of their personnel if they should be displaced or if the government should decide they can serve the country better in other capacities.

Canada is a country of a few large cities and many small towns and villages. These small communities in normal times are the large contributors to our national prosperity, and form the real base upon which our Canadian democracy is built. They must be permitted to survive, and the government of our country will do well to take full advantage of any means—short of impairing a full war effort—to see that the people living in these communities are not less favored than those in the large cities.

In his own way, unnoticed by the majority, the commercial traveller is doing more than any other single agency in the protection of the fair rights of rural Canada.

Ottawa says, and rightly too, that there must be less buying of non-essential merchandise. Not more, but less, manufactured goods; less varieties; less brands and less opportunities to spend money—even for those things which were once considered essential. These wartime restrictions, if it was not for the friendly guidance of the commercial traveller, could mean the near elimination of the back-bone of our rural progress—the retail merchant.

The real service of commercial travellers to the government and to all the people of Canada is: (a) to interpret government regulations and policies to buyers from one end of the Dominion to the other. In this way they can, apart from complementing the work done by various government departments, be actively putting government policies into practice. Through their relations with their customers they impress the desirability of advancing the sale of merchandise which does not involve essential raw materials in manufacturing. (b) To show how the life of existing equipment can be prolonged and the need of replacements curtailed. (c) To help comparatively inexperienced purchasing agents of expanding plants in the proper selection of materials. The need of this service is great. Buyers for these organizations have such confidence in the commercial traveller that his suggestions are rarely questioned. (d) To give advice on suitable alternatives or substitutes where standard materials are not available. And finally (e) to aid and promote the efficiency of retailers. The average retailer is bewildered by the many changes in the various decrees of government departments. The traveller's appreciation of the necessity of these changes, and ability to interpret them in simple, understandable language, makes the efficiency of these decrees that much greater.

Commercial travellers learn about the uses of fluorescent lighting in war industries.

The commercial traveller is the hotel man's best friend and constant source of news.

THE PRAIRIE LETTER

Co-operation Solves Harvesting Problem

BY GALEN CRAIK

THE combined factors of a bumper crop, rainy weather and shortage of labor have made the 1942 harvesting season a difficult one for prairie farmers, but the problem has been solved in typical western style, by a display of co-operation in which practically all sections of the community have shared.

Copious rains, the like of which had never been seen before even by old-timers, not only gave the lie to those who may have believed that Western Canada was doomed to become another Sahara but resulted in a luxuriant growth of grain and crops of all kinds. With granaries bursting with wheat already, no markets to speak of and thousands of her young men in the armed services, the West would have been satisfied if nature had been a little less bountiful this year. But nobody is kicking. The westerner is well accustomed to the whims and vagaries of fortune, and welcomes a "good" year, even if it has resulted in a somewhat embarrassing plenty.

The big problem has been, of course, that of getting off the crops. In Saskatchewan, which will account for about 320,000,000 bushels of an estimated 542,000,000-bushel crop, the difficulty of getting enough men for the harvest has been particularly acute. Early in the season, however, Premier Patterson called a meeting of all interested groups and from this was evolved a plan to organize all available labor resources. Representatives of Saskatchewan urban and rural municipalities, boards of trade, elevator companies, Saskatchewan wheat pool, school trustee and teacher organizations, transportation companies, Dominion employment service and daily and weekly newspapers, attended this meeting and from it emerged a central committee, under the chairmanship of Hon. R. J. M. Parker, acting minister of agriculture, which divided the province into ten zones, in each of which a local committee was set up to handle the labor problem.

As a result of this organization, Saskatchewan farmers have had a new army of workers in their fields this year, many of them not as experienced as the help of former years, but willing, anxious to learn and fairly efficient. For instance, scores of young airmen, most of them from the R. A. F. schools in the west, and at least a handful of Australians and New Zealanders, have given up their 48-hour and 10-day leaves to work in the harvest fields. To say that the western farmer appreciates the spirit behind this kind of help is to state it mildly.

THEIR harvesting operations done in the east, parties of husky young farmers from Ontario and Quebec have also been a welcome addition to Western Canada's labor pool. Harvesting outfits have also come in from across the border in the northern states, special arrangements having been made to allow them to enter Canada for the harvest period.

Last but not least have been the efforts of the smaller towns and villages to help the farmers in their localities. There are many instances of the splendid spirit of co-operation shown by these people of the rural areas, of their determination to harvest the wheat despite all obstacles.

For instance, at Arcola, in the southeast of the province where times have been hard for years, business men of the town, lawyers, a judge, and other prominent citizens organized themselves into groups of half a dozen to help out farmers in the vicinity. Even the Chinese laundry-man, Lee Wing, closed his establishment on good stooking days and took his turn in the fields with the others. These volunteer stookers were deadly serious about their work, too. Early in September they had stooked 1,500 acres of grain and by the end of the season had run up a much more imposing figure than this.

As for the farmers, they have welcomed this aid from their brothers in the town. At one place, when the townsmen had finished stooking a field of grain, they were invited into the farm home for a "little lunch." According to a report from an Arcola correspondent, it "consisted of chicken, boiled, fried, roasted; chicken dumplings, all kinds of vegetables picked fresh from the farm garden, and more kinds of dessert than have been seen on tables in and around Arcola for many a day." At another farm, the *pièce de résistance* offered by an appreciative housewife was turkey, along with "all the frills." And, of course, the demonstration of co-operation at Arcola has been duplicated in many other western towns.

North of Findlater in Saskatchewan is a Russian settlement. Here the women, young boys and girls banded themselves into groups and went from farm to farm, stooking all the grain. In another case two neighbouring farmers got together to solve their harvest problem nicely. One man had a son with him on the farm, a tractor and a binder. The other man had a son and two daughters, but no tractor or binder. The first man cut all the grain on the two farms, and the second man and his family stooked it all—result, a very neat job of harvesting, and pretty well up to time, too.

AS FOR the high school students, they have been quite popular with the farmers. Five hundred of them were out on the farms at one time from Regina high schools, while 30 of their teachers, relieved of their school duties for the time being, also were busy stooking. At least one Regina lady teacher worked as a cook on a nearby farm. The boys, in the Regina zone at least, got $3 a day, if they were big and husky enough for the work, and most of them were. Lighter lads, suitable for chore work about the farms, got $2, while fully experienced harvest help drew down $4 a day for stooking. Men with enough mechanical ability to run tractors got between $5 and $6 a day, while the combine operator, worth $6 or $7 a day, was the king of them all.

One difficulty experienced by the harvest workers has been the unprecedented and prolonged pest of mosquitoes, no doubt aided and abetted by the wet season. In some cases mosquito netting has had to be worn by the workers. The *Alameda Dispatch*, south country weekly, even made editorial mention of the battle against the mosquito. It said:—"There is a great fight this season on the harvest front; it is the mosquito, and this insect is present this season in billions; it appears to be the unanimous opinion of even the old-timers, that the mosquitoes are even in greater numbers this year than was ever known; man and beast are suffering much from this pest and in spite of all lotions there appears to be no way to keep from suffering. Those who are harvesting for the first time, especially the R.A.F. men who are lending assistance, are distracted with the mosquitoes and have called down many curses upon the little devils; not much wonder."

Even at this writing, despite several light frosts, the mosquito is still a factor to be considered when going out to the golf course or the harvest field.

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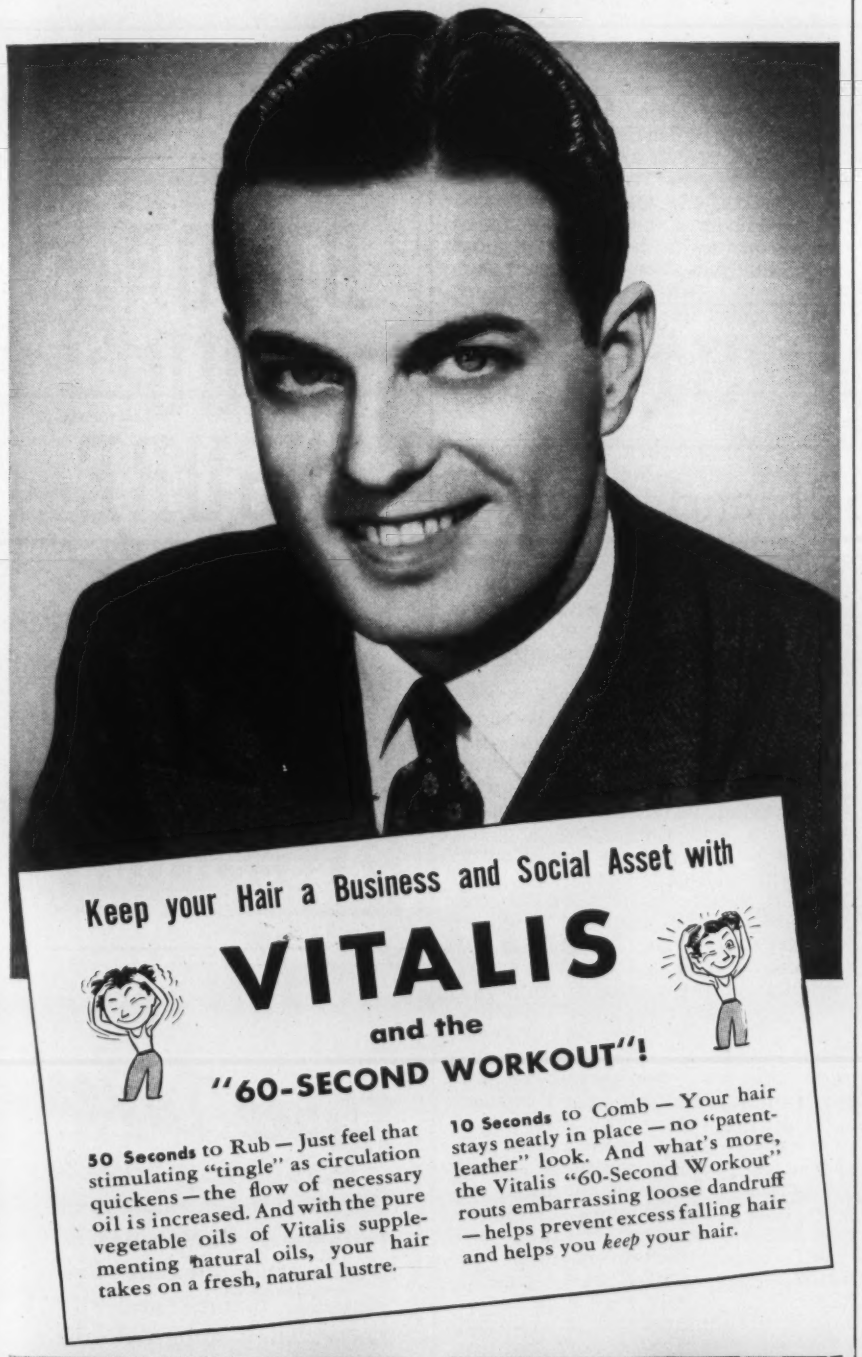

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THE LONDON LETTER

Britain Bans Substitute Motor Fuels

BY P. O'D.

ALL those brisk and enterprising people who anticipated the dearth of petrol by switching over to producer-gas, steam, electricity, butane, propane, or any of the other substitute motor-fuels, have just come in for a horrid disappointment. A new order of the Ministry of War Transport decrees that no vehicle, whatever the type of fuel used in it, is to be allowed to operate unless engaged in essential work requiring road transport — in other words, work entitling the motorist to an issue of petrol or Diesel oil.

The explanation of the Ministry is that the purpose of the restrictions on motoring is to conserve tires and man-power no less than petrol. Besides, there is not nearly enough of the substitute fuels to go around. Vehicles already operating on those fuels have been allowed to use as much as they could get, with the result that the number of such vehicles has enormously increased.

The new order will put a short sharp end to such developments. No one is going about the country with a balloon full of gas on top of his car, or with a hideous gas-producer trundling along behind, unless by such expedients he gains some very distinct advantages in the amount of motoring he is allowed to do. And now he won't be allowed to do any more than anyone else. Exactly the same restrictions will apply to him. As the English schoolboy said of his headmaster, the Government may be a beast, but it is a just beast.

On second thoughts, that last statement may require a little qualification. It is certainly only fair that all classes of motorists should be treated alike. But it might have been fairer if the Government had given some earlier indication of its intentions. People who invested in gas-producer plants—a quite expensive item—may feel that they are being rather harshly treated.

The authorities encouraged the use of such plants as a means of saving petrol. They have even put on the market a plant of their own—the one which the Duke of Montrose described in the House of Lords as "an engineering haggis." Now suddenly to cover them all with the same wet blanket of restriction looks like putting a penalty on enterprise. Possibly some system of compensation will be devised, but I doubt it. Governments have seldom bothered to temper the wind to that well-shorn sheep, the motoring public.

Civil Service Boss

Most people, who know anything about the organization and working of the vast Government machine at Whitehall, are aware that the real heads of the various Departments, so far as their actual operation is concerned, are the Permanent Secretaries. Ministers come and go, but the Permanent Secretary remains. He is, in fact, permanent.

The Minister is very often hardly more than the Parliamentary mouthpiece of the Department. However impressively he may formulate departmental policy in the House, he is merely speaking a piece that has been prepared for him—by the P.S. Not all Ministers, of course, but many of them. Most of them perhaps.

Permanent Secretaries are thus very important persons, even to other people. And there is one Permanent Secretary—the one for the Treasury—who is nothing less than the "Head of the Civil Service". Such is his traditional, though entirely unofficial title; and the title means just what it says. He is the man who hands out the jobs. If that doesn't make him the head, what does?

Theoretically it is the Prime Minister who appoints the permanent heads of Departments, their deputies, and their principal officers. But it is the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury who advises him—presumably after consultation with the Minister concerned. And that sort of advice has a way of being taken. Prime Ministers are very busy men. Practically, the Permanent Secretary does the hiring—though not the firing. Ministers apparently insist on doing their own firing. After all, they must be given some say.

The odd thing about this position is that no one seems to know just how it started. It rests on no statutory authority. It is not even based on departmental rules. It has simply become a matter of custom—largely, I suppose, because, as the Treasury holds the purse-strings, it insisted on knowing who was being taken on, and how much he was to be paid. And so gradually the responsibility for making appointments was handed over to it.

All this has come out recently in the course of discussions regarding the appointment of a new Permanent Secretary to the Treasury—the one appointment he is not himself allowed to make or recommend. It seems to have come as a surprise to most people, and not a very pleasant surprise. They don't apparently think very much of the system. Critics are numerous and highly vocal.

They consider it absurd that the permanent head of one Department should have control of the more important appointments in all the other Departments. They consider it particularly absurd in the case of the P.S. of the Treasury, who is almost certain to regard such matters from the point of view of economy—not usually the way to get the best man for whatever job may be going. They consider finally that the P.S. of the Treasury has quite enough to do in his own field, without taking on these additional complicated and important responsibilities, for which he is probably not in the least fitted.

Why, they ask, shouldn't the Civil Service, like any other great organization with many thousands of employees, have a separate Staff Department with its own permanent head? Every large commercial undertaking has such a department, and finds that it greatly simplifies the work of staff management, in many other respects than that of mere hiring. Why shouldn't the Civil Service?

What is there against it—except the tradition of the Service? And that nowadays is becoming almost no reason at all.

WORLD OF SPORT

Baseball, Football and Such

BY KIMBALL McILROY

YOU'D think that grown men, even in Brooklyn, could find something better to do in their spare time than making a liar out of an unhappy sports column which unfortunately must be written some time prior to publication. But Brooklyn is Brooklyn and funny things happen there and anyway this column predicted that the Dodgers wouldn't win the series. They won't and it serves them right. Hope they don't win it next year, either.

The rugby situation has finally straightened itself out. In the east the O.R.F.U. justified the public confidence in it by carrying on, but only after that same public confidence had been rudely shaken for a couple of days during which the league considered doing business without Balmy Beach. This near-decision is roughly comparable to that of a sea captain deciding in mid-ocean to continue the voyage without his ships, and would have produced identical results.

As matters stand we have a six-team league in the east and a three-team league in the west. The latter at this writing has not yet been outlawed by the C.R.U., but there is still time. This quaint and venerable annual custom surely must be retained. It is planned to hold a Dominion final, the west having hit upon the bright idea of combining their three teams to make a Grey Cup contender. There can be no objection to this so long as the O.R.F.U. retains the privilege of combining their six teams for the same purpose. At that, such a contest might be considered only a fair match in the west.

This column once more suggests that this year is the time to experiment with the rules. Nobody likes them the way they are—not even the people who made them—and yet in normal times experimentation is a pretty painful process. In these days people have learned to take just about anything and there's always the chance that a secret weapon may come out of it.

As a suggestion, how about unlimited interference for the linemen and none for the backs? How about no score if a punt flies or rolls over the deadline? How about forgetting the penalties for two or more incomplete passes and passes over the goal-line? How about, in fact, shaking the rules up a little and seeing what turns up?

THE government has finally signified a realization that sport and, with reservations, a war exist. The government finds that people who are working hard want and need relaxation and that sport supplies this need. This is a novel and startling observation. Everyone else knew it three years ago but the government is playing the round in par. The fact that the delay in announcing this opinion has done incalculable harm seems unimportant when compared to certain other delays. In fact it leads one to hope, rather wistfully. The government's angle that very few people are engaged in professional sport anyway and that thus it doesn't matter much what they do is not one to impress all and sundry by its soundness. After the passport fiasco of a couple of years ago the impression was given that the war couldn't possibly continue without hockey players. In fact the opinion was pretty general that hockey players were expected to fight it all by themselves. God knows who's going to fight it now that pro hockeyists are excused. We'd better call for Superman.

The simple fact is that as matters stand nobody has to fight the war, and in view of this it's nice to see professional athletes getting on official okay.

BALL players have been having a hard time of it. Len Merullo of Chicago Cubs gave birth to a baby in the morning and four errors in one inning in the afternoon. This is said to be a modern record. In Philadelphia Johnny Beazley, Cards pitcher, was knifed by a man whom he had refused permission to carry his suitcase. It would have been less trouble to let the man carry the suitcase. In Brooklyn a couple of the fans got into a fight with some players who turned out to be Dodgers. There is no truth in the rumor that the fans are in the pay of this column. Nor in the rumor that we are financing Ford Frick who recently fined the Dodgers' manager a hundred bucks. It's a damn sound idea, though.

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How We Can Foment Revolution Against Hitler

BY J. ANDERS

Some people believe that our propaganda should tell the Germans how to overthrow Hitler. But this is forcing an impossible pace.

If we want revolution against Hitler we must first tell the Germans why to make it.

There are definite indications that German morale is cracking. But the process may be long drawn out unless we take a hand in it. If we want to do so we must tell the, as yet unknown, leaders of the German revolution that we shall not interfere with the internal policy of their country and with their internal victory over Hitler.

THE conviction is gaining ground that the aim of our political warfare must be to produce revolution in Germany. Many people who have persuaded themselves to accept this simple postulate are now about, on paper at least, to force an impossible pace by demanding that our propaganda must tell the Germans how to make revolution.

Revolutions are not "made," they come about. They come about in circumstances in which there is no other way out. They start in a manner which the revolutionaries themselves seldom foresee. Their success or failure depends on whether or not the revolutionaries, and those who are opposed to them, know what to do about a revolution once it has come about.

Thus, the German revolution of November 1918 was spontaneously begun by the people although there were revolutionary organizations in the country. Those organizations ploughed the soil for the revolution; the seed had grown over decades; the people attempted to plant it in the ploughed soil. Once the revolution was there—and that is the normal course in revolutions—those organizations fought for the leadership of it. The fight was won by the Social Democrats. (Their opponents were not "Communists." There was no Communist party in Germany in November 1918. It was, a month later, founded by Karl Liebknecht who, another month later, was clubbed to death by the new "republican" army.)

Looking back it might seem that it was no concern of ours who won that struggle. And, indeed, it was no concern of ours at the time. There were very few people in the world then who realized that the war of 1914-1918 was the first modern war that was more than a fight between nations. We defeated Germany, made the Treaty of Versailles, and set to work to restore as quickly as possible the world of 1914.

To-day, however, we know better. We know that, partly through blindness and partly by betraying their own cause, the German Social Democrat leaders of those days strove to do the same as we did: they strove and succeeded in retaining, though under certain superficial changes, the political, social and economic structure of the German Empire; the structure which had greatly contributed to the breaking of the First World War, and was bound to lead to further world wars.

Reinstated the Generals

Their first step was, at the price of a civil war which they won, to reinstate the old generals. What happened in Germany in later years has blinded us to the fact that that step alone was sufficient to bring upon the Germans, and all of us, Hitler and the present war. Our statesmen of those days evidently thought that one revolution, the Russian, was enough. If they think the same after this war, that is, if they again think that one revolution is enough, this time the German revolution, we shall win the peace. Unfortunately there are not many signs that they do think so. However, events will compel them sooner or later. The sooner, of course, the better.

If, then, we want revolution in Germany—and we must want it—our task would be to show the Germans, and other peoples in Europe, that the conditions are favorable for a revolution. In other words, they must be told, not *how* to make a revolution, but *why* to make it.

In "normal" times it is up to the revolutionaries to convince as many people as is necessary from their point of view to ensure success, that a revolution is the only way out of an intolerable social and political situation. That is, there must be a nucleus of revolutionaries who themselves are convinced of that necessity or desirability.

Such nuclei are present in all European countries at the moment. As for Germany, let us, instead of theorizing, look at two incidents which were reported in our own press during the last few days. We were told that the crew of the German submarine which was sunk by the *Assiniboine* were fed up with the war and glad that it was over for them as they had been taken prisoners. In the next sentence, however, we were assured that nevertheless they were stout Nazis. To ask us to believe both these statements really is to ask too much of our credulity. Either those prisoners were Nazis, or they were fed up with the war. A German cannot be both. Why do we spoil our chances by believing incompatible things?

Then there was, in SATURDAY NIGHT, a picture of three German prisoners of war in Russia working at a poster which said: "Down with Hitler and his gang of murderers." The caption under the picture told us that they were making the poster because they were "pleased with humane treatment accorded them in their Russian prison camp." At the same time Russian broadcasts tell us of prisoners who said that war, no matter against whom, was the life of a Nazi. Why, then, do we not see the obvious, namely that those three prisoners never were Nazis and probably were not even prisoners in the ordinary sense but had run over to the Russians? If we do not want to see this, how are we going to persuade more German soldiers to run over?

Europe Afterwards

This brings us to the relation between the governments of the United Nations on the question of what to do with Europe after the war. A highly significant sidelight on this question is the clause in the Anglo-Russian Twenty Year Pact, in which both parties pledge themselves not to interfere with the internal policies of other countries. This allows of two interpretations as far as Stalin is concerned: either he has abandoned Communism, or he has not. If he has not, there is only one interpretation possible: he is convinced that Hitler will be followed by Communism, in which case he, Stalin, has no desire to interfere. This puts at least the question of what the Russian government thinks about post-war Germany beyond speculation.

If, then, we believe that Russia will respect the Anglo-Russian Treaty in that connection, we might as well concede that Stalin and his circle know more about the genesis, the course and the probability of social revolution than the statesmen of other countries know. To concede this is not a matter of preference but a matter of logic.

But that still does not mean that we must tell the Germans how to make a revolution; they know it better than we do, and we may rely on those nuclei which are present in all European countries (look only at the Swedish elections the other day). However, whereas normally the nuclei tell the people, it now is necessary, first, that we tell the nuclei; not how to make revolution but why to make it. There can be no doubt that in the coming winter millions of individual Germans will be ready to strike at Hitler. But unless we convince those nuclei that we, and not only Russia, will not interfere with them, they may hold their fire, and all that would happen would be mass executions of unorganized idealists.

Communication Restricted

We must not overlook that, in normal times the nuclei, although they may be hunted by the police, have more freedom and above all more means of communication than they have in Europe now. If we want revolution in Germany we must make up for that. In normal times, too, revolutionaries will count upon their revolution being fought from the outside. History has proved, as for instance in the cases of the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution, that such opposition can hardly ever reach its goal. But it might be able to reach its goal after this war, the same as it might have reached it in Germany after the last war, if the Social Democrats there had not obviated the temptation. The revolutionaries of present-day Europe would have to be singularly unintelligent not to be aware of this.

Inept as our political warfare is in this respect with regard to Germany, it puts the peoples of the other Nazi-subjugated European countries in an even worse position. This will be discussed in a further article.

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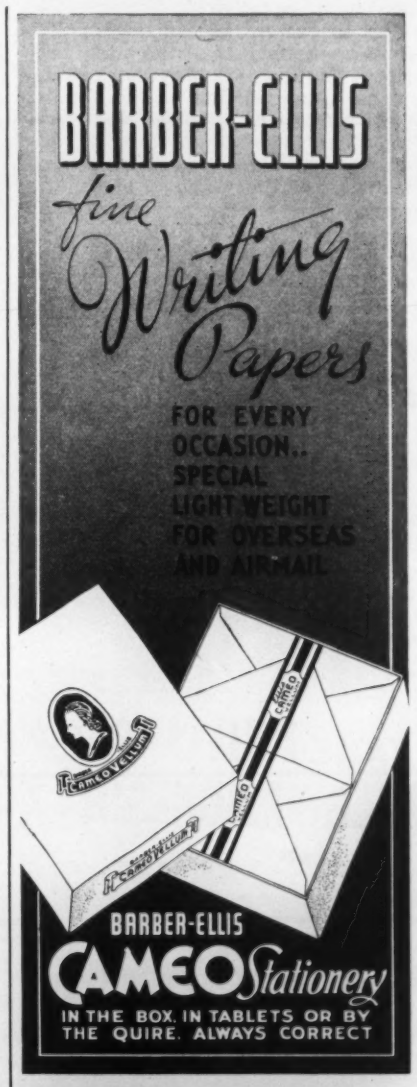
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UPPER CANADA COLLEGE BOYS WIN UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SCHOLARSHIPS

The following Upper Canada College boys were among the winners of Scholarships recently announced by the University of Toronto:—

J. P. STANLEY S. STYKOLT A. G. McKAY D. C. CORBETT

J. P. Stanley won the First Edward Blake Scholarship in Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry and Problems; and a Reuben Wells Leonard Scholarship in University College. S. Stykolt won the First Edward Blake Scholarship in French and Latin, and the Class of 1911 Scholarship in Victoria College. A. G. McKay won a Mary Mulock Scholarship in Greek and Latin, the Wellington Scholarship in Classics and the Bishop Strachan Scholarship in Greek and Latin in Trinity College. D. C. Corbett won the Dickson Scholarship in English, History, Latin and French in Trinity College.

SADDLEBAGS FOR SUITCASES, Across Canada on Horseback, by Mary Bosanquet. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.)

AN ENGLISH girl of the "comfortable class," not violently rich, not poor, frank, and deeply interested in this world which is so full of a number of things, decided one day while in a bus on Bayswater Road, that it might be good fun to cross Canada on horseback.

Father (after the manner of Mr. Miniver) agreed that the idea had points. Mother, stroking the imaginary cat Juggins, one of the family jokes, remarked "It might be a very good idea." (So Mrs. Miniver in similar circumstances would have said, she being of that English class.)

Exploring the exchequer, Mary found about 80 pounds and decided not only that the thing might be done, but that she would do it—now. So she crossed the sea and the continent to Vancouver, bought a horse called Timothy, and as the plan became known found herself a person of public and social interest. She was photographed and interviewed, afternoon-tea'd and week-end-ed — and warned. Nevertheless in June, 1939 she rode up the Fraser Valley to Hope and turned into the Mountain trails. She crossed the coast range in a delirium of rain to Princeton, thence over the Selkirks to Trail, Nelson and Marysville, and over the Rockies to Banff. In late July she was in Calgary.

All the way along she had been the guest of settlers and ranchmen whose isolated steadings had open doors for the girl who had been described by newspapers and broadcasters. She had found a spirit of hospitality as beautiful as the mountain trails. On occasion, of course, she had to hobble her horse and bivouac under the stars, but mostly she slept in a house, sometimes with one or two other girls in the bed. She now classifies bedfellows, as either unholy rollers or pushers.

The hospitality continued all across the nine hundred miles to Winnipeg and beyond until she came in the first days of winter to West Dayton in Algoma. Injured by a fall from her horse she remained there for months after her recovery, writing news-letters to the papers, and earning her keep as a farmer's adopted daughter.

Then on to Mattawa, Montreal and New York, hoping to get back to England and do war-work. Disappointed in that, she is anchored in Ontario for the duration, and is back on the farm writing, milking, doing chores and loving it all. For a girl in her early twenties she writes uncommonly well and with persistent cheerfulness. One is not surprised that four times in her journey she received offers of marriage. Only one attracted her for a brief moment; that of a handsome cowboy on a vast horse-ranch in the foothills. But alas, it could not be! So she can say with Charity Pecksniff, "No, I'm not married, but I could be if I chose." One thinks of Mr. and Mrs. (Miniver) Bosanquet over home, reading this book, and telling Juggins that Mary's idea had points.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Long, Long Trail A-Winding

An Investigation of Thought

THINKING FOR EVERY MAN, by A. Gordon Melvin. (Longmans, Green. $2.50.)

A PROFESSOR of Education, such as this author, is always in a desperate case. He is dealing with groups of young people who may or may not have learned consecutive thinking. Each of them in turn soon will go out to inspire—or afflict—unnumbered crowds of boys and girls, all growing in body and soul, not equally but variably, and so, not subject to mass compulsions.

The Professor may teach the stereotyped rules for arousing interest, but that other misty rule for sustaining interest over weeks and years neither he nor any of his colleagues can impart. To gain attention is a trick. To hold it demands Personality. The method of galvanizing a young man or woman into vivid, active thought-life has not yet been discovered.

Dr. Melvin knows that the best teachers and leaders must be thinkers capable of forming designs and carrying them into action. So, he thinks at length about thinking and sets down his conclusions, and suspicions, in this readable book of some two hundred pages.

He doesn't agree with the loose, general notion that the mind is a member of the body, like a finger or a toe, or even a brain. It is too airy to be so confined. The brain in itself is not creative. It is more like a telephone exchange receiving and transmitting messages. The thought or sensation is at the other end of the wires. He holds that the smallest cell thinks, that being the reflection of its life. "We don't think with the brain," he says, "but through it."

He dips into the classification of mental activities; thinking with objects, as in childhood; with images, the most common and laziest type of thought; with ideas and symbols, both based on wide experience and meditation. He turns aside from the Temple of Logic to worship elsewhere. Reason, he finds, is not the completion of all thinking. Philosophers—and here perhaps he includes psychologists — are confused men. Prophets and seers are not confused. To them the world is simple for they have learned much by emotional intuition and by the suppression of selfishness.

This is not a bed-time book. It is more like the collected meditations of a scholar, sitting before a bright Autumn fire, talking at large to an understanding friend about the miracle of man; even as Shakespeare described him "how infinite in faculty . . . in apprehension how like a god."

Air Paladin

THE WAY OF A PILOT, by Barry Sutton. (Macmillans, $1.65.)

LOVAT DICKSON who is known wherever newspaper folk assemble has a flying nephew 23 years old. In the Spring of 1940 the boy was shot down in France. After a short stay in hospital he was ready for the Battle of Britain, but enemy fire set his "Hurricane" ablaze and he baled-out, terribly burned. A year in hospital gave him a new face and improved hands, and now he's flying and fighting as a squadron-leader in the Far East.

While in hospital he was induced to write of his experiences in the R.A.F. as a student and as a graduate pilot, not because he considered himself as anyone in particular, or his exploits as at all unusual, but rather to please his young wife Sylvia and his appreciative uncle. Now it is published, Lovat Dickson writing an introduction and a postscript of fine quality.

No other book on flying has a livelier sense of authenticity. It is the story of a normal boy changing into a steel-hard relentless manhood in the brief compass of a few months. Barry is one of the starry few to whom we many owe everything.

Drought in the West

ESPECIALLY BABE, a novel, by R. Ross Annett. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

IN A drought-area of the Canadian West, Big Joe, a widower with two children, is on the edge of starvation. When the rains had been coming regularly he had raised wheat in carloads and had spent the winters in California. But the rains stopped coming and the dust storms buried his tractor and even his last remaining granary. His wife died, debts piled up and the only profit around the place came from Uncle Pete's private still.

Relief-transportation to another district was impending, but another wind-storm uncovered the tractor and the granary. Big Joe sows the hundred bushels it contained, Uncle Pete stealing the gasoline needed to run it, and the rains come.

While Nature is becoming a shade less grim the education of Little Joe, aged eight, and Babe, aged five, is proceeding somewhat hilariously, for Little Joe chaws tobacker and has a torrid vocabulary picked up from Uncle Pete, and Babe is a questioning child, altogether lovable.

The story is sentimentally incredible, but the characterization is uncommonly well-done. Uncle Pete is superb and the children take a grip on your heart. The author is a Canadian.

A Glance at Things Various

JAPANESE FRENZY, by Simon Harcourt-Smith. (Musson, $2.)

PROGRESS during eleven years of the militarist policy in Japan as witnessed by an official of the British Legation in China. "Let us remember," he concludes, "that here is no reasonable populace exploited by a pack of militaristic gangsters, but seventy-five million madmen, prepared to commit any crime at the behest of the State."

ANNE OF AVONLEA and ANNE OF THE ISLAND, by L. M. Montgomery. (Ryerson, $1.49 each.)

THESE reprints of established favorites by the late Mrs. Ewan MacDonald are well-printed on good paper and should interest a wide public. They are uniform in binding with *Anne of Green Gables.*

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA, a novel by R.W. DALY. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.50.)

THE hero, with a taste for learning and a distaste for the Church, is pushed willy-nilly into the Marines at the time of the Napoleonic wars and does exploits every few days though all the time yearning for the library. There is no change in outlook or character development, a fact which makes one doubt the existence of the fellow. The author is at his best in description of naval actions.

THE CASTLE ON THE HILL, a novel by Elizabeth Goudge. (Nelson's, $2.50.)

A BOOK completely incredible as a whole, though impressive in detail. The characters live and move in an atmosphere of sentimentality where everything comes right-side up and all devils are on vacation.

THE SPECTRAL BRIDE, by Joseph Shearing. (McLeod, $2.50.)

MR. WARDLE'S fat boy, Joe, had an ambition to make people's flesh creep. Such is the ambition of this other Joseph who is a master in creating a sense of horror and at the same time an accomplished craftsman. This is a tale of the time of 1870 when propriety more than infrequently was shot through with impropriety and even crime. If you start the book you will be slow to lay it down.

The presentation of the Governor-General's Medals is the highlight of a Canadian Authors' Association annual meeting. This year at Montreal the presentations were made by Hon. J. Pierrepont Moffat, United States Minister to Canada. Above, Alan Sullivan, looking extraordinarily like a Governor General, receives the fiction medal for his "Three Came to Ville Marie" while Madge Macbeth (retiring president), Abbe Maheu and Mrs. Alfred Noyes look on admiringly. Below, W. H. Clarke, head of the Oxford University Press, Toronto, receives the general literature medal for Emily Carr, author of "Klee Wyck," who was unable to attend through illness. Seated are Alfred Noyes, the British poet, and Mrs. Evelyn Eaton, Canadian novelist whose historical novel is a season's success.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Matter of Names

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? by Louis Adamic. (Musson, $3.50.)

WHETHER a man is Grzywaczewski or Gary doesn't seem, on the surface, to be a question of national importance. But this book tends to show that it may be. An immigrant comes to America from Poland, that raped and agonizing land where for centuries heroes have lived and died. He is proud of his native country. He is proud of his fathers, some of whom may have done exploits in personal and national living.

He learns English. He may even speak it without a betraying accent. Every day some one asks, "What's your name?" He gives it. The rejoinder is "How do you spell it?" and the interrogator, even with pencil and paper in hand, gives up, saying "Why don't you change it?"

Why should he change it and lose all the family pride in which he has been nurtured? For one reason he has children whose whole course in school is difficult. They cringe under the laughing cruelty of playmates and the weary hostility of teachers. They clamor for a name which will make them "like other kids".

They are tired of being indigestible morsels in the Melting Pot, so they call themselves "Gary", which everybody can spell and pronounce, and, insensibly, they grow into a sort of pitying contempt for the old father and the old land which he loved, but had to leave.

Mr. Adamic, a native Slovanian, originally sported a little hook over the "c" in his name which is pronounced "tch". At home he was A-dam-itch, with the accent on the second syllable. He resisted a thousand suggestions to call himself "Adams" but now he is called by everyone "Adam-ik" with the accent on the first syllable. He is reconciled to his fate, though still chafing.

He has written in this book a series of gracious essays on the complications that surnames may set up. But he makes no rules and gives no advice, believing doubtless with Mr. Weller that the spelling of a man's name depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller.

Days of False Peace

THE FAMILY PATTERN, a novel by Pamela Hansford Johnson. (Collins, $2.50.)

TWO sisters are born of mis-mated parents; the father, a drama critic of minor quality and Bohemian tastes, the mother, a waitress "pestered with sense," even as Brer Rabbit. One of the sisters is a snob from birth, the other a realist. The snob marries a Title, Sir George Ainsley; the other, a man, Johnny Stroud a motor mechanic and a Labor leader. In tracing the steady conflict of their lives from 1890 to 1914 the author illuminates the social history of England, the rise of Organized Labor to political importance, the fight for woman-suffrage. She shows the blurring of those sharp-edged dividing-lines between class and class despite the fierce pride of each, until all classes are shaken together in the crucible of war.

It's a big theme and a melancholy one, for the England of old-time was a pound-cake of mixed hatreds, stupidities and follies, overlaid with rose-pink icing. With sure competence and steady irony the author shows the romanticists forced into realism and the realists blundering into romance. Ainsley, at first a mild drawing-room poet, develops into an ordinary business man and loses all affection for his wife. Stroud, overcome by a patriotism he had always denied, dies in battle and so the sisters are forlorn, each in her own way and face together a grey future.

All this is set forth in a cunning construction which keeps interest steadily mounting and in a clean-wrought prose with many apt phrases. The humor almost always is ironic, often bitter. The characterization of the women, whether main or minor, is brilliant; with the men the author is not so happy. There is a purple passage on the meditations of Ainsley which is hard to believe. It seems more like the meditations of the author, in a slightly hysterical mood. An odd error appears in the use of "disinterested" for "uninterested." On the whole a notable novel and gracefully done, which deserves a wide public.

Raymond Arthur Davies, co-author with Andrew J. Steiger of the notable book "Soviet Asia" reviewing recent progress in Siberia.

Genius Entangled

BY M. E. G. COURT

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, by Elswyth Thane. (Collins, $2.50.)

ONE of those super-males who wants everything his own way, and usually gets it, is Rodney Monroe. He is a professor (not the absent-minded type) of ornithology, whose field work takes him to remote parts of the world. He has a motto, "He is free who lives as he chooses", and women have no part in his plans. But he meets Liz Dare, famous singer and dancer, summering in Maine, and finds he can not live without her.

Liz marries the man, and goes along on an expedition to Central America, suffering sea-sickness, fever, boredom, jealousy and danger. Even Nature contributes to her domestic difficulties, in an earthquake episode that is the high spot of the book, and suggests it as made to order for the movies.

This new novel by the author of *The Tudor Wench* and *Remember Today*, has an American setting—before Pearl Harbor. It makes diverting light reading.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.

Hill Folk of Virginia

BY STEWART C. EASTON

WIND BEFORE RAIN, by John D. Weaver. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

IT IS difficult to say whether the beautifully caught dialogue or the sparely written action writing is better in this novel of the hill people of Virginia. Alone they make the book worth reading, but the violent ending, though possible and not quite unexpected, does much less than justice to the theme. It may be that Mr. Weaver could not work it out. This is a study of the exodus to the city. So this first novel remains only promising. By next time I hope Mr. Weaver will have learned that emotional force is only lessened by unnecessary death, but heightened into tragedy through acceptance of life.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Who Cannot Speak for Themselves

BY BERNICE COFFEY

WHILE this column does not hold the same churlish opinion of the human race as the person who remarked "the more I see of people the better I like dogs," in common with most people we think, our respect and affection for the sterling qualities of some dogs, cats and horses is vastly greater than for some so-called humans.

The degree of civilization and culture of a people usually can be traced by its regard and treatment of animals who—it should be remembered—also make very definite contributions to that civilization. In recent times we have evidence of this in England where many beloved pets were destroyed because of the danger to them during air-raids and because of food shortages.

The shortsightedness of this policy was soon proven when the rat and mouse population of the British Isles, unchecked in their activities by their natural enemies and exterminators, began to gorge themselves on the nation's vital food supplies. Soon cats became in such demand that many a pussy who happily prowled Canadian and American harbor-fronts o'nights found himself or herself shanghaied aboard a freighter—the unwitting guest of a crew bound for England.

Dogs too, are doing even more spectacular work in some countries where they have been taken on strength and trained in guard duty.

All of which is by way of a reminder that the Humane Society will hold its tag day in Toronto on October 24 and that the appeal merits generous support on practical grounds if not on those of high personal regard for our four-footed friends.

A Case of Graft

Better not be too quick to jump to conclusions the next time you overhear two women discussing in low tones the art of grafting. Chances are they are not a couple of questionable characters with designs on the public purse, but only hard working knitters.

The experts' method for grafting wool ends—as well as the most economical way to salvage wool from old hand-knits—are among the useful things for knitters to know which the New Lux Knitting Book describes with full simple directions. You can get a copy by sending fifteen cents, plus a large Lux boxtop to show the purity of your intentions, to Lever Brothers, Toronto.

To graft wool when working on two needles, join wool at the end of the row. On a circular needle, or set of 4 needles, separate the strands of the end of the old ball and the beginning of the new ball, making two tassels of about six inches each. Remove half the number of strands and place the remaining strands of wool side by side, ends in opposite directions — then leaving generous ends to be darned in later, work 3 or 4 stitches of the overlapped wool and continue with the new wool. And there you are—a little grafter.

Fashion

Lilly Dache unveiled her winter hat collection in her New York penthouse recently to the sound of cocktail shakers, and stunned the assembled guests with a number of hats made of real hair fashioned into turbans intertwined with pearl strands, nacre flowers, butterflies and bows. A narrow braid of the hair anchors these creations to the head. The idea behind them is that they match the color of the wearer's hair so that, without spending hours at the hairdresser's it will appear that she has something pretty special in hair do's. . . . For those who came in late another reminder that a fifty cent ticket in the War Services campaign (conducted by Ontario I.O.D.E.)—and a streak of luck—may net you anything from a mink, beaver, lamb or other kind of fur coat to a handsome neckpiece. The combined value of all these donated furs amounts to the neat total of $25,000. Deadline is October 17 after which date no more tickets will be sold. Tickets can be ordered by mail from Campaign Headquarters, Room 222, 1207 Bay Street, Toronto. . . . Where oh where is Tannanarive? How far is it from Tokyo to Little Current? What is the nature of the topography around Stalingrad? The accumulation in most houses of large-scale maps, books of reference, charts, atlases, globes, has become so large that interior decorators are all in favor of putting them all together in a map room. Here maps on the wall become a part of the decorative scheme. A chest with shallow drawers holds an orderly array of detailed maps of obscure parts of the world. Shelves of books are close at hand. The result is a haven in which amateur strategists may open up a second front, demonstrate their own ideas on military tactics, and keep a close eye on fast-moving events all over the world. Incidentally, globes are being sold with the assurance that the makers will alter them at the end of the war to conform to the state of things as they then exist.

Rock-a-Bye Baby

Do you know how to "bubble" the baby?—the correct manner of lifting him out of his bath?—why, instead of cutting a fashionable figure in daintily embroidered frocks, he wears a nightie during the first few weeks of his life?

The English nanny is acknowledged queen in the realm of child care but, since these jewels are rare in this country, the next best thing is a book such as "Life With Baby" (*Collins*, $2.25) authored by Elizabeth Godwin and Milton Fox Martin. The former is a graduate nurse of St. Christopher's College, Tunbridge Wells, one of England's leading schools of nursing. Lest you wonder how a mere male got into the picture we should explain that the latter is a young father who, we infer, discovered from bitter experience the need and value of such a book as this.

In its ninety-six pages by means of clear concise language and numerous page size illustrations (in which the star is a beguiling baby of less than a month) the approved method of caring for the new-born is clearly explained and demonstrated. With the aid of this manual even the greenest parent should speedily acquire the brisk assurance of a mother of ten in caring for the brand-new infant. We recommend it unreservedly as a gift for anyone whose present condition is what is sometimes vaguely referred to as "interesting."

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My heart does not go pit-a-pat;
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MAY RICHSTONE

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Canada-On-The-Hudson

BY "PHYLLIS"

DEAR "WORLD OF WOMEN"— Going to the office in New York on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays always puts me in a Robert-Louis-Stevenson mood—you recall the lines, "When I should like so much to play I have to go to *work* by day". But the war goes on, seven days a week, and eventually it catches up with you so that you have to do your stint of "Sunday duty". My turn came on the most perfect September morn you have ever seen and as I fought my way through mobs of carefree visitors—with the whole day before them to stop and stare and ride on the Fifth Avenue busses — I didn't feel noble or patriotic, I just felt done in the eye! Little did I realize, selfish wretch that I was, that this was to be a memorable day and that by a happy coincidence I was to be transported, in spirit, back to Toronto and even to Muskoka! Not television — an invitation to lunch in the country!

One of the men in the office—one of the *nicest*, I might add — said, "Look here. There's nothing much doing today. How about coming out with my wife and me to have lunch with some friends of ours who have a lovely place just up the Hudson. They have telephoned that this is to be their last weekend in the country and they would like us to bring a friend or two and whip out for lunch." With difficulty I controlled my unlady-like eagerness, grabbed my hat, told the switchboard girl to take any messages from Churchill if he called, and we were off!

A Sunday car ride! Three weeks' gas ration shot in one glorious debauch—but what a treat! The day was glorious and as we drove along the Bronx Parkway the Hudson looked just like a postcard view of the Hudson, highly colored and stretching ahead to tempt you to drive on and on.

Foxglove and Heliotrope

After half an hour's drive along a lovely winding road up the Palisades we turned up a driveway which led up to what I have now decided is my ideal house! At first glance its boxy, modern lines looked incongruous against the trees and the crescent-shaped bed of old fashioned flowers such as foxglove, zinnias and heliotrope nestling in the curve of the approach and the gorgeous morning glories—as big as saucers!—which climbed up one side of the terrace. The taffy color of the stained board walls—wide boards laid on absolutely flat in the modern fashion—and the deep blue-green of the window moulding and upper deck seemed an unobtrusive and almost sombre color-scheme for a house in the country. But once you crossed the threshold there were charming surprises in store, for the Armenian architect who designed the house had stripped it of all pretension and ornament and built it as a house to be lived *in*.

Short and slack-clad, respectively, our host and hostess greeted us with warming hospitality and whisked us out to the porch for a small one before lunch, and there we met the cats! Two Siamese kittens, a brother and sister, royally named Ptolomy and Cleopatra, with whom I was immediately taken up because I had never seen a Siamese cat up close—just at the Cat Show at the Royal Winter Fair! Have you ever seen one? They are the loveliest things. From the tips of their black coffee noses through the creamy coffee parfait of their torsos to the demi-tasse tip of their tails they are streamlined grace! And their eyes are the most surprising shade of aquamarine.

Siamese Aristocrats

The cats were quite taken with me too—at least they were very curious about the leg film I was wearing and sniffed and sniffed and finally got bold and licked bald patches on my bronzed shins. I was afraid such delicately nurtured creatures would be poisoned so removed them to my lap whereupon our hostess expanded on the care and feeding of Siamese—she having had several in Paris and one in New York before these.

At this moment a round black face announces that luncheon is served and those ducks are spoilin' on the table, sho' nuff. Needing no urging we sat down to a delicious meal of Long Island duck, fresh garden vegetables and peach ice cream made from the hostess' native Virginian recipe, all served with grace and pleasantry by a daughter of Alabama.

By this time my head was beginning to swim what with the highball and the high-hat cats and the highlights of our hostess' life story, for she is most entertaining and has one of those glamor jobs which you think are so typical of New York, but actually are mostly job with a New York build-up. Still, it sounds good and I was drinking it in like a schoolgirl so that when it was suggested we all go for a walk I was reluctant to break the spell.

As we started up the stairway to "wash our hands", I got my first real look around the house—and an unexpected pleasure. My eye fell on a small painting which I thought looked like one of the "Group of Seven" studies and sure enough it was an A. Y. Jackson! Beside it was another, and then another! I couldn't resist exclaiming, "Look, A. Y. Jackson's!" "Oh yes," she replied, "The whole house is full of paintings. The son did most of them and he's quite good, too!" "But," I said, "These are by a Toronto artist. He's one of the 'Group of Seven'." She looked puzzled so I did my best to explain who comprised the Group and then asked how they had ever found their way here. "Oh," she replied, "This house is owned by Toronto people. The father comes from Toronto. He's a Professor at Columbia now, but the children were all educated in Toronto and the family spend their Summers in Muskoka."

To say I was intrigued was understatement. I was suddenly homesick on the spot, and leaving my hostess on the stairs I toured the upstairs rooms. As soon as I saw the signature of the son-of-the-house's paintings I recognized the name and as I went excitedly from one to the other I recognized some of the sources of his inspiration, and the favorite northern Ontario settings of the Group were well represented. As the hostess said, he *was* good. His work shows strongly the influence of the Canadian artists. I wondered if he had studied under one of them, perhaps Jackson himself. Now I learn his talent is being used in the cartographical section of one of the U.S. War Departments.

Chartreuse and Mulberry

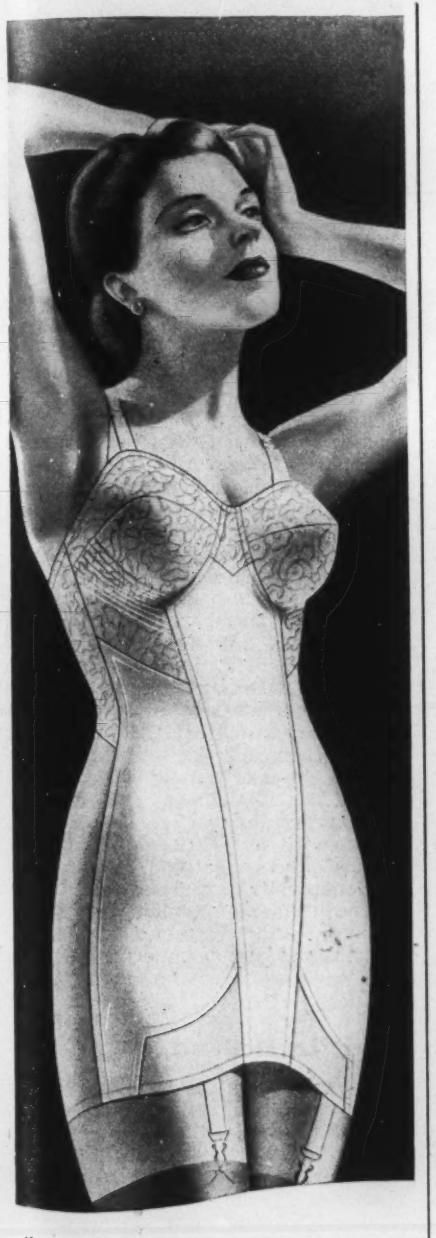
The color-scheme of the living room and adjoining dining room is interesting. The walls are pale chartreuse, the rug mulberry, draperies and chesterfield of an unusual chintz with mulberry ground, blue-green leaves, mimosa yellow flowers.

The library opens off the foyer to the right, the kitchen to the left. Both library and kitchen have wide windows overlooking the road so that you can keep a neighborly eye on the folks next door and watch for the commuter's bus to town. A feature in the library is the bookshelf arrangement. The bookshelves seem suspended from the ceiling and stop about five feet from the floor. Beneath the shelves are smaller paintings by the home talent. The fireplace, like that in the living room, was of a dull buff finish blending with the limed wood finish in the room. I prowled through the books, with the guilty feeling you have when you "make free" with a stranger's possessions. I was rewarded—I found "The MacMillan Company of Canada," and the "Oxford University Press" well represented!

Dusk brought a chill in the air and our hosts decided that the fire in the living room which had been laid all Summer must not be wasted, so while our hostess fed the mewing Cleopatra and Ptolomy, our host used a whole folder of matches from "The Stork" to ignite the kindling still damp from recent rains. Eventually—he being a persistent Scot—we settled down to a satisfying fire and some more good talk. At the exact psychological moment, Alabama put her head around the door to enquire if "Yo' all would like a fried egg sandwich befo' I listen to *'The Goodwill Hour.'*" We sho' would, and what sandwiches she produced!

Leaving our hosts to their fire, and Alabama to Judge J. Anthony, we started back to town on the last precious cupfuls of gas. All the way home I raved about the house and the household. I know what I'm going to do with my War Bonds when it comes time to cash them. I'm going to buy a lot—a lot with a view. And when I'm rich and famous I'm going to build a house just like that and I might even get two Siamese cats. For the whole thing, my dears, adds up to an old maid's idea of Heaven!

As ever,
Phyllis.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Kindler and Nelsova Play Old Works

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AT THE Proms last week Dr. Hans Kindler of the National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, who is almost as well known to local audiences as our own conductors, returned for the first of two more concerts; and, it goes without saying, charmed his audience. Associated with him was Zara Nelsova, the ablest 'cellist yet born in this country. Her appearance happened to fall within two days of a recital at Hart House arranged some time ago; so that last week music lovers had an opportunity to hear her in a rich variety of 'cello compositions.

The Prom concert had special interest for Dr. Kindler because he himself first became known to us as one of the foremost 'cellists of the day. His career in a measure parallels that of the late Victor Herbert, who began as a 'cello virtuoso, discovered in Europe by Walter Damrosch. Like Dr. Kindler, Herbert next became a conductor, and a very good one, but he did not develop an equal enthusiasm for that calling.

Listening to Kindler play familiar works one was more than ever impressed not merely with the distinction of his personality, but with his individuality as an interpreter. His penetration and refinement in the handling of tempi, and his gift for beautiful but never exaggerated nuancing, are peculiarly apparent in traditional works. Most beautiful of all was his interpretation of Mozart's serenade for strings, "A Little Music for Night-time". Nowadays it is frequently heard over radio, and ordinary conductors make its facile, delicate rhythms sound commonplace, perhaps because it is a piece that seems to play itself. But Kindler revealed such a variety of light and shade, such a sense of values, as to bring forth all its pristine freshness, sparkle and sentiment.

Though it is important historically as one of the earliest of the symphonic poems devised by Liszt to associate music with poetry, I am fed up with "Les Preludes". It seems a very shallow tonal translation of Lamartine's "Poetic Meditations". Yet conductors love it for its tunefulness and massive effects, and under Dr. Kindler's baton it seemed to glow with some sort of message.

More inspiring was what he did with Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz". Like most of his eminent musical contemporaries, Weber died young,—at 40 to be exact. At 35, when he composed this work, his aim to found a romantic movement in German music had become mature. The overture meant a great deal to Schumann and Wagner and scores of lesser men; and one has never heard its beauties more intimately revealed than by Dr. Kindler. His natural vitality always leads to happy results in Russian music. Thus Lassall Spier's transcription of two Etudes by Scriabin, (of which one wrote at some length on one of his earlier visits) and of the stimulating Polonaise from Tschaikowsky's opera "Eugene Onegin", were a joy to listen to, which means of course that the orchestra was very fine also.

Many 'Cello Works

It goes without saying that Miss Nelsova could not have had more sympathetic orchestral co-operation in Saint-Saens' 'Cello Concerto in A minor. As a fellow practitioner Dr. Kindler accorded her the same sympathetic support that he desired of conductors when he used to play the work himself. As an example of brilliant and judicious scoring and well sustained interest, this concerto is one of the best of its kind. Most 'cello concertos, Schumann's especially are afflicted with arid patches. Though primarily an organist and pianist Saint-Saens had an amazing knowledge of the characteristics of all instruments, and was always happy in his dealings with the violoncello,—his famous piece "The Swan" is an instance.

On Friday of this week she was billed to make her New York debut as a recitalist at Town Hall. At the Prom concert and recital at Hart House two days later, with the inspiring co-operation of Leo Barkin at the piano, she revealed her rare abilities as an interpreter. At Varsity Arena her remarkable technical dexterity was especially apparent in "Elfentanz" by the Czech 'cellist and composer, David Popper, a great figure in the 19th century. There was a time when announcement of any 'cellist's concert appearance implied a certainty that the public would hear at least one of Popper's compositions; invariably sparkling. A great virtuoso himself, ability to play his music was a real test of a 'cellist's competence.

Miss Nelsova's Hart House program was the same chosen for her New York debut, after a summer of study with the great Gregor Piatigorsky. In more intimate surroundings her tone sounded nobler and more resonant; the authority of her bowing and her resourceful and easy mastery of technique were more graphically in evidence. The difference was to be noted in Piatigorsky's arrangement of Weber's charming Adagio and Rondo, heard on both occasions. The most enthralling episode, a triumph which the two musicians equally shared, was Beethoven's wonderful Sonata in A major, opus 69. It dates from 1808.

There was also a fine flair of joy in the rendering of a delightful though less ambitious Sonata in C major by Haydn. Beside these classics a work characteristic of our own time, an Aria by Stravinsky, was no mere rush-light. Recognizably Russian in fervor, decoration and idioms, it was almost vocal in its ballad-like directness and richness of expression. An earlier Russian work, with a wealth of imaginative device and creative fervor, was Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," which leaves the Rococo Period far behind before its conclusion. The rendering set the seal on Miss Nelsova's claim to high virtuosity.

Nazis in Holland

It will shock many to learn that the great conductor Willem Mengelberg, like other senile celebrities, has submitted to the "New Order." His fellow countrymen who were so proud of him have sent him to Coventry. Those who heard him when conductor of the New York Philharmonic recall the childlike joy with which he invited and revelled in applause. He is lost without it. Exacerbated by the stony silence of listeners he recently cried out, "If you will not applaud me, what about the musicians?" Again stony silence. "What about Haydn?" he ejaculated. The audience left the Hall in a body. Poor Mengelberg! Poor Pantaloon!

Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith who play the leading roles in "Spring Again" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for week of Oct. 5.

Fanny Hurst, novelist and satirist who will be in Toronto on Monday, October 5, to attend the War Effort Donor Luncheon of the "Hadassah."

Viola Essenova, American Premier Ballerina, appearing with three other members of the Russian Ballet at the Promenade Symphony Concert, in Varsity Arena, Toronto, October 8.

Norman Harris, well known composer and arranger, who has been appointed leader and director of Toronto's King Edward Hotel Dance Orchestra. Current season for this entertainment feature was begun this week.

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THE FILM PARADE

Featurettes and Features

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MOVIE audiences apparently follow features and stars in their program selection and take the shorts and featurettes largely as they find them. This is the only way one can account for the type of short some of the studios continue to turn out with impunity, year after year; those endless musical novelties in which the novelty is achieved by having the musicians perform lying on their backs; the inept colored cartoons which imitate most of Disney's creatures without a touch of Disney creativeness; worst of all those pictures showing cabinet ministers sitting behind their desks and weighing out words, paragraphs and whole editorials, endlessly and implacably.

It is hard to believe that anyone would want to waste time on this sort of entertainment. On the other hand there isn't any evidence that we have put up much resistance to it. We just sit there, docile and indifferent, hardly distinguishing between the trailer and the cabinet minister, and wait for the feature to open.

There are plenty of good shorts available—brisk documentaries (such as Warner Brother's recent "Divide and Conquer") Benchley monologues, science shorts, which if they aren't particularly scientific are always short and usually gay and diverting. If we don't get good shorts more frequently it is obviously because we don't ask for them; since there is this to be said for the Industry, it is always ready to rush supply promptly, and even overwhelmingly, to meet demand. (Look at Abbott and Costello.)

The animated cartoons especially need a sharper checking-up from the patrons. George Pal's Puppetoons, Popeye, and even Superman, rely on their own idiom. The rest with few exceptions lean almost entirely on Disney. Unfortunately they always borrow the least acceptable of the Disney features—his violence and fury and the gag-ideas which have been floating round so long that by sheer over-usage they belong in the public domain. Their wit, drawing and coloring are all on the comic-strip level, and they are frequently so incoherent that they might be run backward without anyone's noticing the difference. Films of this sort are far below the mental level of the worst B feature and possibly the only reason we don't protest at them is because they are over sooner.

APART from the formidable "Moscow Strikes Back" reviewed here last week, this week's openings had a rather quaint pre-war flavor. "Crossroads" and "The Big Shot" both belong to the period when blackmail and thuggery came under private enterprise rather than government industry. They're both fast exciting entertainment however, particularly "Crossroads" which is exactly the kind of smooth melodrama-mystery that William Powell knows how to grace.

The setting here is pre-war France and Mr. Powell is a victim of amnesia who has re-established himself as a Parisian career-diplomat, married to adoring Hedy Lamarr—a state of things which he is naturally reluctant to change. Just as he is approaching the climax of his career—a diplomatic post in Brazil—up pops the devil in the elegant person of Basil Rathbone. A great deal of neat and accurate plotting is involved before Mr. Powell is enabled to escape both the scandal and the ten million franc shakedown. Thanks to the star's performance the story's tricks and implausibilities are beautifully slicked over. Basil Rathbone plays, with rather more restraint than usual, the sort of character who should by this time be snugly and comfortably ensconced under the wing of Vichy.

"THE BIG SHOT" puts Humphrey Bogart right back in the Big House where he has spent so much of his cinematic career. He gets out, however, thanks to a new and beautiful blonde (Irene Manning) of rather ambiguous character. The jail-break is something, even for Humphrey Bogart. So is the final chase, which takes place down a winding five-mile mountain road paved with glare ice. Warner Brothers have put everything they have, by way of speed, scale and general violence into "The Big Shot", which may very well turn out to be the last of the series and Mr. Bogart's farewell to illicit arms.

This quizzical-looking gentleman is Professor E. K. Brown, one of Canada's most eminent academic authorities on English literature, photographed by Karsh after six months' service in Ottawa in a position somewhat similar to that held by Leonard Brockington. He has now returned to his duties at Cornell, to which he went after terms at Toronto and Winnipeg.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Madame Doctor Is In The Army Now

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

THE call went out from the army for 600 doctors, but there weren't that many doctors available for military service, not even counting those interning in hospitals and the students who would graduate shortly from the nation's medical schools. There weren't that many even counting women doctors and who ever heard of a woman doctor in the Army?

Certainly not the Army! Nor the civilian population. Oh, a few here and there may have toyed with the idea, but until the shortage of medical practitioners became acute, no one in Canada for a moment entertained the radical notion that some of the members of the R.C.A.M.C. would one day wear skirts!

No one, perhaps, save Dr. Geraldine Maloney and a handful of other noted women doctors who were anxious to put their services at the disposal of their country, if their country would accept them. In due course their country did and Dr. Maloney at once joined up and became Captain Geraldine Maloney, Canada's first woman doctor. Captain because, as Army regulations demand, she had had her Councils for two years or more. Councils are the qualifying examinations a medical graduate must pass in order to become a practising physician.

Had she not had her Councils, she would have been rated as a 1st. Lieutenant and in a few months automatically been raised to the rank of Captain.

Right now, there are approximately ten women doctors in the R.C.A.M.C. but the number increases daily as more and more women leave their private practices, their laboratories and their hospital staff jobs to carry on shoulder to shoulder, with their male colleagues in khaki.

To date, though they are part of the men's army, with the same rank as men, they have not been assigned to male regiments. Captain Viola M. Rae, however, formerly of Hamilton, is attached to the Rideau Hospital in Ottawa as pathologist.

So far as these women physicians are concerned, where they serve is of no importance, though they are keen to go overseas. If the powers who control their military destinies are convinced they can be of more service to the Women's Army, then that is where they are content to serve.

The Doctor's Day

A day in the life of a woman army doctor is much the same as that of her male colleagues. For instance, Captain Maloney, as district M.O. for Toronto for the C.W.A.C., is responsible for the physical well-being of some 800 women.

One of our leading gynecologists, Captain Maloney graduated from St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto and studied for a year at the Sorbonne in Paris. She then returned to Canada and entered medical school at the University of Toronto. After serving her internship at St. Michael's College where she seniored in gynecology and obstetrics, she went to London. There, she studied at the British Post Graduate Medical School, Hammersmith Hospital, after which she took a further course in gynecology and obstetrics at the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin. Back in Canada again, she conducted her own practice and was on the outdoor staff of St. Michael's Hospital and the indoor staff of the Women's College Hospital, both of Toronto.

To date, reports Captain Maloney, there have been no sensational cases among her charges; no spectacular epidemics or mysterious diseases that make such excellent newspaper copy but that rob army doctors of sleep and put wrinkles in their faces that never would appear did they remain in private practice.

Besides her job as M.O. for the C.W.A.C. for Toronto, Captain Maloney has a standing medical board for recruits. Twenty to 25 women pass through her hands every day, five days a week, all eager, as was she, to do their bit. Understanding the let-down they are bound to experience when they fail to make the grade, she hates to reject them, but reject some, she must—about 10% she figures. Foot disabilities and visual deficiencies are the most common cause for rejection.

Captain Maloney is appalled at the condition of the majority of the recruits' teeth. These women are the children of the depression years when there was no money for dentists and the nation's diet was poor. Fortunately, defective teeth can be treated by army dentists and no recruit is turned down because of them.

A Woman's Age

It is surprising, Captain Maloney finds, how many women stoutly insist they are under the age limit when she is positive they are nothing of the kind. She does not, nor does any army doctor, turn down an applicant because she suspects she is over age. She rejects her only if there are definite physical disabilities.

Captain Lillian Chase, a Nova Scotian and brilliant diabetic specialist, who graduated from the U. of T. and practised for some years in Regina, is attached to the C.W.A.C., as is Captain Ruth Bradley, of Orillia, who is stationed at Vermillion, Alberta. Captain Bradley is also a graduate of the U. of T. and interned at the Women's College Hospital in Toronto. She took a post graduate course at the New York Women's Infirmary for Women and Children and was recently on the staff of the Ontario (Mental) Hospital, at Orillia.

These four are typical of the women physicians who are proving to the hardbitten Army what civilians already have learned—that a good woman doctor can hold her own with any male medico and when Madame Doctor goes to war she takes with her the brains, initiative and courage that have won for her a respected place among the modern company of the followers of Hippocrates.

In normal times, says Captain Maloney,—and her medical sisters agree with her—the first duty of woman, no matter what her profession, is to build a home and rear children. In time of war it is still her duty, but until the proper day for her to fill her natural function arrives, her place is where she can best serve her country and to the minds of many women doctors, for them, that place is in the Army, mending broken bones, repairing torn bodies and keeping the Army personnel in top physical condition.

That place is in the laboratories of military hospitals, serving as anasthesists, radiologists, bacteriologists and pathologists. That place, in short, is anywhere in Canada or overseas where medical knowledge and skill are at a premium.

And that, for those of you who didn't know, is why Madame Doctor is in the Army now!

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EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET

CONCERNING FOOD

Rebellion in the House

BY JANET MARCH

IT'S well known that now and again a worm will stop walking straight and will turn, and when he does the wartime housekeeper finds herself standing in his path with some rather tasteless bought cooked meat in one hand and an apple in the other. "That" says the worm keeping on turning like mad, "is not proper food for me, and war or no war I won't eat it." So the housekeeper is found shortly after in a kneeling attitude in the refrigerator of her butcher, and that night there is a rather succulent casserole dish and a dessert that is a dessert, not just something picked off a tree with nothing at all done to it, and the worm stops revolving and takes to walking straight again.

Man cannot or will not willingly live off sliced meat loaf and raw fruit alone, so ever so often you will have to take some time making the piece of meat you have wheedled out of your butcher taste pretty fine. Then too remember now and again to have a proper dessert. Funny how light heartedly we all took sugar rationing. "Means nothing to me. I don't take it in tea or coffee, and we eat a lot of cheese." Oh yeah! Now and again you liked butter scotch sauce or a cake with more icing than cake, and now that these things have been off the list for some time you miss them. A dose of vitamin pills may pep you up, but so will a shot of sugar.

There's no doubt about it that good desserts take time, money and sugar, three things no one has much of. You can get along without a lot of them and be all the better. Your clothes will get a little looser but that's so much better than having them get the other way that you hardly mind at all when you find the front pleat of your skirt has wandered off to the left stern. Still now and again save up a bit of sugar and have a good dessert, you'll be a more popular housekeeper if you do. Here are some recipes which don't have cups and cups in them, but, though they are fairly economical on sugar, they don't manage to skimp on all the ingredients. You won't want to have them often unless you are the proud possessor of a Jersey cow and a flock of hens.

Crême Brulé

3 cups of cream
Yolks of six eggs
1½ tablespoons of granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons of vanilla
Light brown sugar

Heat the cream in a double boiler till it is hot, and then add the granulated sugar and stir till it melts. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add the vanilla to them, and add to the cream. Pour into a shallow baking dish and oven poach until it is set. Chill, then sprinkle the surface with light brown sugar and put under the broiler. The sugar will melt and run together and make a lovely brittle caramel top—that is if you watch it like a hawk. If you don't it will burn, or even catch fire. Chill again before serving.

Prune Soufflé

6 eggs
1 pound of prunes
4 tablespoons of granulated sugar
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Cook the prunes and extract from them three quarters of a cup of prune pulp, which should be soft but not dripping wet. Let the pulp cool and add the vanilla to it. Separate the whites and yolks and beat the whites till they are very stiff — you don't need the yolks so you will have to think up some way to use them up. Add the sugar to the whites and then fold in the prune pulp and pour into a well-buttered baking dish. Oven poach in an oven at about 350 for about three quarters of an hour. Serve with whipped cream.

If you have ever been to Devonshire you probably remember more about the cream than the steep narrow lanes which pitch down to the sea and up to the moors between stone walls. There is a theory that you can only make Devonshire cream on the back of a range but it can be done on an electric or gas one granted you have a simmerer or a very slow element.

Devonshire Cream

1 quart of milk
2 cups of whipping cream

Put the milk and cream in a shallow pan and stand in a cool place over night, by which time the cream will have risen to the surface. Stand the pan with the milk and cream in another pan of water and put on the coolest place on your stove, where it will still get warm very slowly. If you have a not very well insulated oven then on top of it is just the place, otherwise you will have to risk the simmerer. After some time the cream will crinkle and come away from the edges of the pan, and when this happens put the pan in the refrigerator overnight. Then skim off the cream, which should be thick and slightly clotted. With Devonshire cream to trim it you can serve any form of stewed fruit and have it turn into a party dessert.

There have been some very good California dates to be had lately and you can make a good dessert with them, if you serve them with either Devonshire or plain heavy cream.

Stewed Dates

Cut the dates lengthwise and take out the stones. Cook them for just a minute in a very little boiling water, and then drain, saving the juice. Add a few drops of vanilla to the juice and cook for five minutes. Pour back over the dates and chill well before serving with cream, and a plainish cake.

Cooked Grapefruit

8 grapefruit halves
8 teaspoons of granulated sugar
8 teaspoons of butter
2 tablespoons of granulated sugar mixed with cinnamon

Prepare the grapefruit in the usual way and put a teaspoon of sugar in each half, and then a teaspoon of butter. Sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon mixture. Stand in a baking dish and cook in a hot oven till they are brown.

Judy and the Judge

THE JUDGE is a man of firm words and fixed opinions. And there's grim decision in his voice as he lays down the law to his daughter. "Young lady," he says, "when you're faced with a little trouble like mine, there's only one course to follow. Take a good stiff, old-fashioned purge!"

BUT JUDY is not the Judge's daughter for nothing. "Judge," she says, "you are guilty of horse-and-buggy habits. Did it ever cross your legal mind to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Well, we'll 'tend to that right now! Come with me and see if I can't show you a *'better way'*."

"I OBJECT!" roars the Judge. "Objection overruled! This crisp, crunchy cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, has just what it takes to correct the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. It may be the very thing you need! Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and see for yourself."

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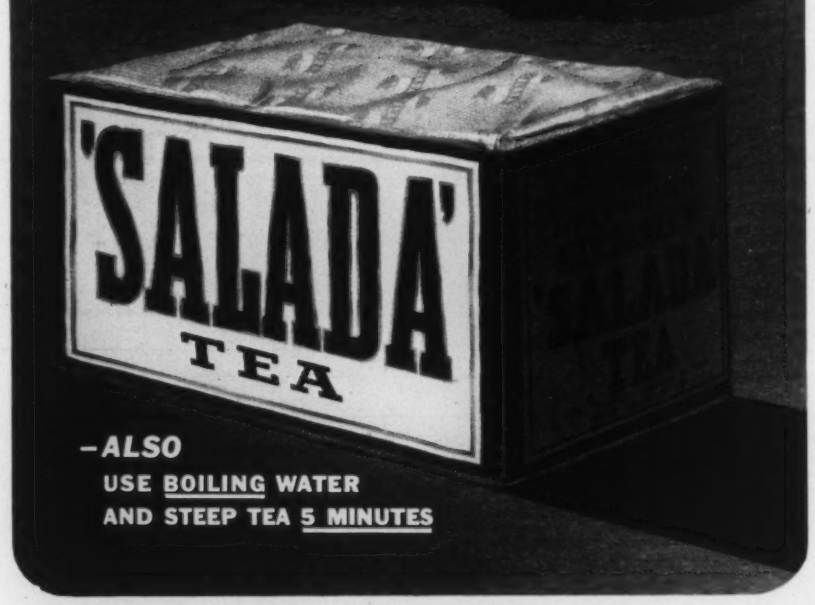

–ALSO
USE BOILING WATER
AND STEEP TEA 5 MINUTES

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Good Looks Made-to-Order

BY ISABEL MORGAN

NOW and then we read about Mrs. A., formerly a large person under whose 194 pound tread floors wobbled threateningly and who was a menace to the continued usefulness of small chairs on which she took her portly ease. Or of Miss B, only a few pounds overweight in the wrong places to be sure, but not the sort of girl about whom sonnets might be written. Taken from the case histories of the Du Barry Success School at the Richard Hudnut Salon in New York, and recorded in print and illustrations, the transformation of these and many others into incredibly attractive beings is something that seems to us to have all the elements of Hans Christian Andersen in his most charming mood.

Peggy Diggins, one of the younger stars, puts her veil on under her hat. Scarf treatment of coin dotted veiling tying under chin emphasizes the flattering angles of an upturned swagger brown felt hat for Autumn.

The other day Christine Chiossi arrived via plane straight from New York—and Hudnut's. An attractive young woman of Latin features and coloring and great animation of manner, her work keeps her in close touch with the Success School, and she assures us it's all true. She told many stories of the human side of woman's desire to become attractive in the eyes of others, and of the almost miraculous transformations in the appearance and, as a direct result, the mental well-being and happiness of women who have been made over by the School's regime.

In fact, the Hudnut people feel so strongly about this question of well-being especially in war-time that they have produced a very fine booklet called "A Primer of Physical Fitness," by Ann Delafield the School's director, and are giving it away without any strings attached. It's filled with all sorts of information about exercises and directions for doing them; what and how to eat to keep fit; how to avoid fatigue and strain when standing or sitting; tips on how to balance one's living habits; tricks on how to evade fatigue; how to lift and how to carry weights without throwing oneself out of kilter, and much other sound advice for women engaged in activities of all kinds. And it is to be had for the asking—so speak up.

The Hump

As we get older, many of us develop a soft little pad just below the back of the neck. This physical directors cruelly call "dowager's hump." It really has nothing to do with age. You can live to be a hundred and never get one. It is simply the result of bad posture. If you poke your head forward, the vertebra at that point causes friction. To protect your flesh from suffering, nature gradually erects that little pillow.

At the same time a double chin or a loose fold of flesh at the throat is formed. For, naturally, if you continually hold your head forward there will be a certain amount of slack under your chin which becomes increasingly flabby from disuse.

Terry Hunt, the physical culturist who has trained many important stars, such as Marlene Dietrich, Virginia Bruce and Jeanette MacDonald, gives posture exercises as the chief cure for a double chin. He says bad posture comes chiefly from flabbiness in your middle and the same stretching and bending exercises which reduce your hips and tummy do much to correct posture and so cure double chin.

• •

FALL was ushered in officially when Norman Harris and his orchestra opened the supper dance season in the Oak Room of the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, on Friday, October 2.

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Can begin to marvel at
Fantastic bits of fluff and veils
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THE OTHER PAGE

The Vanishing Poplin

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

SO THE Old School Tie is to go, is it? Well, well, perhaps. But when it is gone I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I was a witness of one of its most remarkable demonstrations of power. Not Ernie Bevin himself can deny the facts that I am about to relate, or lessen their significance.

It was at Oxford. I was one of a group of young bloods at my College, known for carefree ways, high breeding and good looks; our effortless, natural superiority was acknowledged by all save a small group of scholarship and bursary boys, and we paid no attention to these. Naturally all wore an Old School Tie of some sort; all, that is, save myself alone. A Canadian, from a school little more than a century old, I would scarcely have ranked as a blood had it not been for my fabulous wealth; my willingness to act as banker for the group gained me sufferance, and there were times when truly I felt that I was one of them.

The whole unfortunate business began when the group of scholarship and bursary boys of whom I have already spoken determined to challenge our superior position. Great readers, all of them, they had clubbed together to buy a copy of *The Daily Worker* and in this they had found an article disparaging the ties which we wore, written, I believe, by a teacher in a technical school. Flown with the wine of his eloquence, they plotted against us, and chose one of their number—a fellow named Boogle—to storm our stronghold.

Boogle was a good honest creature and might have done well in the world had he not soared too near the sun. But he had levelling ideas, and like many another of his stripe he made virtues of his obvious handicaps. He insisted even that his academic gown be made of a rough, dark tweed to mark him as a proletarian. He was a scientist—a biologist, I think—and he had come to Oxford from a northern university where he had been highly thought of and had won a high degree; he studied in one of those obscure new buildings into which no true Oxonian ever penetrates.

One night, as we were in the Common Room taking after-dinner coffee, Boogle approached us; it was obvious that he had been drinking stout in considerable quantities to give himself courage for the assault. Striding up to our acknowledged leader, the young Marquess of Saffron Walden, he put out a potato finger and touched his cravat. "Ee, bah goom," he said, "thon's a mazy pretty; I'd gi' a week's wages i' t' mine to wear the like o' that!" (Boogle, we learned, had paid for his previous education by working in the salt mines of Shropshire, the tin mines of Cornwall and the cairngorm mines of Aberdeenshire; as he early became a labor organizer and union official he earned enough in a week to support him for several months in the company of the less fortunate aristocracy.)

Saffron Walden threw up his head in the proud gesture we all knew. "Doubtless, my good Boogle," said he, and his voice was honey, "but *palmam qui meruit ferat*, eh?"

Never have I seen such a change come over a man as came over Boogle then. The taunting, fleering look left his salt-stained face, his tin-blackened teeth were bared in a gape, and his cairngorm-like eyes were starting out of his head. "What ses' ta, bor?" he gasped.

"Latin, honest Boogle," said Lord Paddy Paddywhack, a genial Irish peer and one of us. "It goes with the tie you admire so much."

From that hour Boogle was a changed man. Of course he had heard of Latin, but only as it concerned science; its true use as an ornament of gentlemanly speech was quite unknown to him. He was fascinated. He plagued our group, dogging our steps and submitting to insults insupportable by a man of any feeling. When we hunted with the hounds he ran on foot just ahead of us, with the hare, straining his ears to catch our easy, classical banter; when we were gaming he would stake the union funds, of which he was custodian, in a reckless but underbred manner, wagering ponies, monkeys and even donkeys on a single throw; when we drank he burst upon us and sat swigging *crême des violettes*, (the most expensive liquor he could buy) until he succumbed, smelling like a hot-house, and fell into the fire. Nothing could keep him away; he was insensible to insult and too strong to be physically ejected.

Meanwhile he worked hard at Latin with a crammer and soon dropped the vulgar "modern" pronunciation which he had learned at his council school. He read the classics with scientific assiduity and, although his Nonconformist-Socialist conscience was shocked by much of what he read, he eventually mastered a score or so of quotations which he would introduce into his conversation with a laughable pretence of casualness. This taxed his brain seriously, and when we heard that he had actually persuaded a Labor peer to put his name down for entry to Eton the following autumn, with a view to revising his whole education on classical lines, we doubted his sanity.

The end came suddenly. One night, in my rooms, Saffron Walden chanced to recite an Horatian ode which he had dashed off that afternoon. Boogle blenched as we broke into well-bred applause. "Didst 'ta write thon, bor?" he asked, in a choked voice. "A trifle, worthy Boogle," laughed the Marquess; "doubtless you could do the same, with effort." "By Goles, that a' will," mumbled Boogle, and he seemed to add "per ardua ad astra" under his violet-scented breath. Later, when the Marquess left me, Boogle staggered after him, and we attributed his wild appearance to the little black flask of violet liqueur with which he had plied himself repeatedly.

Next morning a College servant entered Saffron Walden's rooms and found the young nobleman and Boogle both beyond human help. Before the crumpled form of the proletarian was a much blotted sheet of paper, upon which appeared these lines:

To be sent to the Editor of the Daily Worker, from Lubin Boogle.

Chipeco thermos dihybrid, lymphocyte gel impetigo
deuteron fiat bacardi, petropine ansco wheatena
antifreeze salvarsan calox, oleo tyco barometer
postum nabisco!
jacobsite arco congoleum, karo aluminium kapok
crisco balopticon lysol, jello bellans, carborundum!
lymphoblast clysmic swoboda, pantasote necco britannica encyclopaedia?

It was his swan-song. He swung, lifeless, from a beam, and his noose was Saffron Walden's Old Etonian tie. More Latin might have saved him.

So also more science might have saved the Marquess. Before his violent act Boogle had turned on the gas, and the unfortunate Saffron Walden had no notion how to turn it off.

EUROPE—1942

NOUGHT remains but the will
to endure,
Indignant roots stretched in a
starving soil,
The implacable budding of the leaves
of hope,
The burgeoning of the bitter fruit
of hate.

STUART WALTON.

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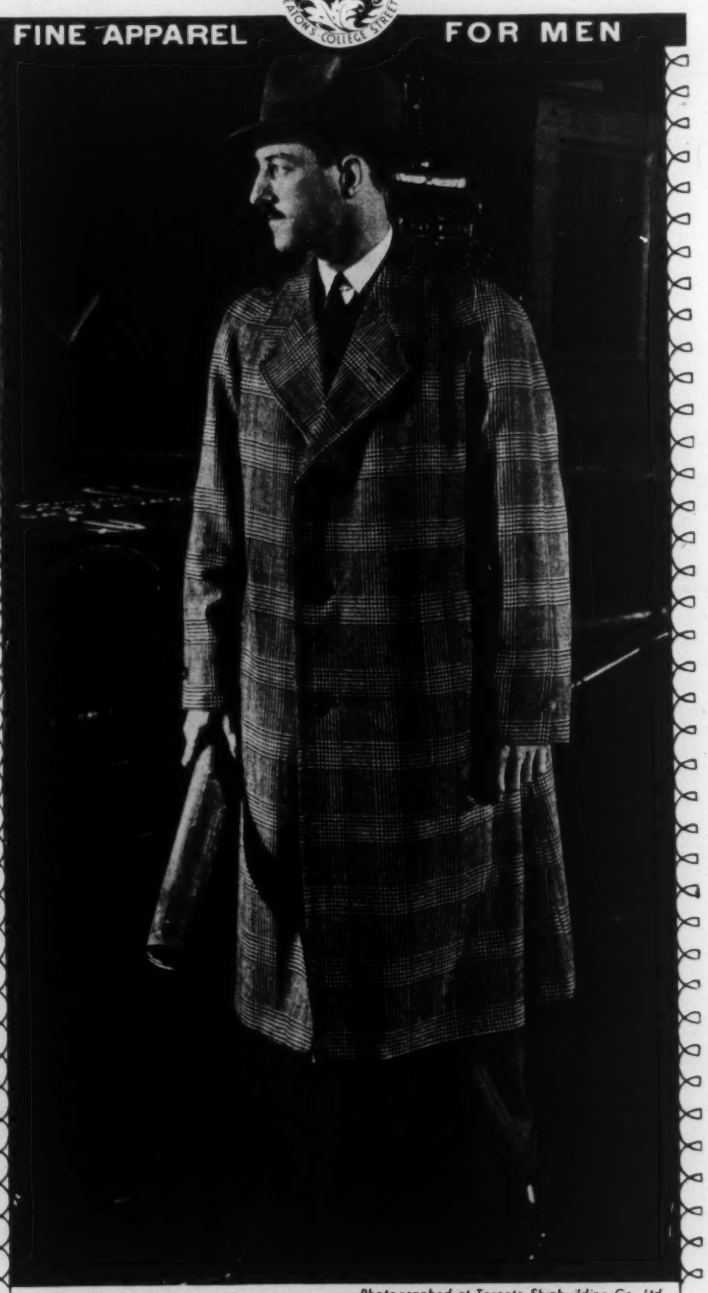

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CIVIL AND MILITARY OUTFITTERS

at EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 3, 1942 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

Modern Business Uses Perfumes to Make Sales

BY CLAUDE L. FISHER

It may seem a long cry from the perfumes of Araby to the prosaic business of selling everyday goods, but the alert industrialist who keeps abreast of the times neglects no opportunity to render his goods more attractive.

The writer traces the trend of the purely personal allure of aromatic odors to the stream-lined methods of the modern industrialist who thinks not in terms of yesterday or to-day, but of to-morrow.

FOR years the business man started off the day with the smell of sizzling bacon and the delightful aroma of steaming coffee. Only recently has it occurred to him to use pleasant smells to increase the attractiveness of his goods to the buying public. To-day, industrial perfumes and odors are essential to modern merchandising. What was at one time a purely personal accessory to my lady's toilet now occupies a prominent position in the plans of the alert industrialist. Industrial perfumery has become a potent factor in selling goods, even more than the variegated neon lights are to the sign world. The industrialist who neglects it is living in the dark ages of merchandising.

When the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon and when Cleopatra dallied with Anthony on her houseboat on the Nile they both supplemented their natural personal charms and attributes with the lure of perfumery. The use of aromas on the person or clothing dates back into antiquity and has not been confined entirely to the female for in some parts of the East and Near East men use it extensively. The oriental people incline to heavy odors while those of the occident prefer, as a general rule, the more delicate shades. Originally used as a personal accessory, aromatic preparations now figure very prominently in many manufactured goods, in toilet waters and in flavors for cooking and delightful drinks.

Perfumes were formerly made entirely from "essential oils," the odoriferous principle of a number of plants. Strictly speaking they are not oils at all for they lack that greasy principle that we associate with oils. Thus, a drop of olive oil will saturate a piece of paper and remain there as a permanent grease spot, but a drop of "essential oil," say lavender, will merely wet the paper for a short time and is so volatile and of such a nature that it not only dries quickly but leaves no spot or stain and even the odor itself soon disappears. Because of this elusive, fugitive or fleeting quality "essential oils" are sometimes called "ethereal or volatile oils." Olive oil and those oils with a greasy quality are called "fixed" oils.

Varied Sources

Essential oils are obtained from different parts of the plant, depending upon the part in which nature has stored up the delightful odoriferous principle. Lavender or rose is obtained from the flower, eucalyptus from the leaf, rosemary and thyme from the herb, orange and lemon from the fruit, anise and caraway from the seed, bois de rose (not to be confused with the flower essence) from the wood of a certain tree in French Guiana and Brazil, orris from the root, olibanum from the gum of a tree found in Arabia, cinnamon from the bark of a tree in Ceylon and citronella from a grass in Java. The tropics are most prolific of plants that contain essential oils.

The use of pleasant odors is being extended more and more in various types of industry. Of course, perfumed soaps have long been in vogue but pure industrial perfumes have taken great strides in very recent years, especially since many of them can be made synthetically at comparatively small cost.

They are used in industry to render the goods more attractive or more often to cover or mask a disagreeable odor inherent in the goods themselves. Thus we have perfumery used in leather goods, in the manufacture of shoes and hand bags, stockings, cotton pads, stationery, wall board (to imitate cedar), lac-

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Edmund Howard Smith

CANADA'S vast pulp and paper industry has placed a heavy burden of responsibility on the shoulders of Edmund Howard (Ned) Smith, newly elected President of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association. Even in normal times, the task of co-ordinating its aims and ideals and of fostering technical improvements is an onerous one, but it is doubly so today due to problems brought on by the War. Right now the industry provides Canada with one and a quarter billion dollars of Foreign Exchange from the sale of its products abroad. It supplies pulp for the manufacture of explosives, rayon, cellophane and plastics; containers for munitions and food, wallboard and building paper for housing the armed forces and the building of war plants. Its products go into every shell loaded into a gun, into land and naval mines, gaskets for the motors of mechanized equipment: into the manufacture of airplanes, radios and radio-locator equipment, while its machine shops at the mill, built for maintenance, have blazed the trail to wider sub-contracting and are turning out hundreds of parts for prime contractors, thus unplugging serious bottle necks in Canada's munition producing industries.

It is evident then that the pulp and paper industry is making many important contributions to our war effort and that the post of President of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association must be filled by a man of keen intelligence with a sound background of wide experience.

E. H. Smith, the Association's twentieth president, was born in Montreal in 1895 the son of the late C. Howard Smith, founder of Howard Smith Paper Mills Limited and a past president of the Pulp and Paper Association. He was educated at Westmount Academy and McGill University, receiving his B.Sc. in 1920 after being demobilized from the Canadian Ordnance Corps in which he held a commission.

After receiving his degree, Mr. Smith became a clerk in the Head Office of Howard Smith Paper Mills and was promoted to resident mill manager of Cornwall Division in 1922, holding that position until 1926. His mill operating training now completed, he was called to the executive offices as Treasurer and received a further promotion to Managing Director in November 1928. In April 1932, he was made Vice-President and Managing Director, and in 1934 Vice-President in charge of Sales, a position which he still holds.

Always active in association work, he is a past president of the Ontario Pulp and Paper Makers Safety Association and past chairman of the Quebec Division of the Canadian Manufacturers Association. Previous to his election as President of the Pulp and Paper Association, he served on the executive committee.

Mr. "Ned," as his employees call him, is known as one of the quiet, efficient type of hard-working executive who is tolerant of other people's opinions and who, with a well-developed faculty for weighing carefully evidence on both sides of a question, deals with it with impartial fairness once his mind is made up.

His hobbies are golf, photography and skiing which he shares with Mrs. Smith and his twin sons, Robert and Howard, both of whom are on active service.

Harry J. Carmichael

IN THE appointment of Harry J. Carmichael as Co-ordinator of Production for the Department of Munitions and Supply it is possible to see a distinct tribute to all skilled workers, whose importance to the nation has never been so apparent as today.

For this man who now holds top rank in Canadian war industry is himself a skilled worker, although it is many years since he left his place at the toolmaker's bench to begin the career which has successively seen him holding some of the highest executive posts offered by Canadian business.

Mr. Carmichael started this career in 1912 when he came to Canada from the United States and joined McKinnon Industries at St. Catharines, Ont., as a pattern-maker. Seventeen years later, shortly after this firm was acquired by General Motors as one of its divisions, he was named its president and general manager and in 1936 he became vice-president and general manager of the entire General Motors Canadian organization.

It was in the early part of 1941 that Mr. Carmichael resigned these posts, stepped from the command of four large automotive factories in Oshawa, Windsor, St. Catharines and Regina, and went to Ottawa to be director-general of gun production for the Department of Munitions and Supply. Now, in his new capacity as Co-ordinator of Production it will be his task to integrate the various programs of the Munitions and Supply Department in order that there may be ensured adequate supplies of raw materials and manpower to all vital war industries. He also becomes chairman of the Department's Production Branch and as such will have charge of the industry and subcontract co-ordination branch. His position also extends to civilian industry for, it is believed, Mr. Carmichael will be the man who in future will give the word that will curtail any less-essential industrial activity that interferes with the all-important production for war.

Mr. Carmichael is American by birth and Canadian by adoption. He was born in New Haven, Conn., where he received his education. He is on the executive council of the Canadian Manufacturers' Ass'n., vice-president of the Canadian Automobile Chamber of Commerce and assists in the administration of numerous social service organizations and educational groups. He is 41 years old and has won a reputation for that kind of driving energy that gets things done, the kind of energy he should find invaluable when dealing with what he considers Canada's most acute war production problem, shortage of materials.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

First, the Fundamentals

BY P. M. RICHARDS

IN A letter to the editor, approval and complaint are voiced by a reader of Stanley McConnell's article "The Menace of Collectivism" (S.N., Sept. 19) —approval of the argument against collectivism and complaint that Mr. McConnell did not go beyond it and outline a sound and practical program that we can follow.

Says this reader: "This article (The Menace of Collectivism) is most timely because the great mass of people in Canada, in their hopeless bewilderment, are leaning toward collectivism without recognizing in it something quite as menacing as Nazism or Fascism. Anyone who has had the opportunity of seeing our public administration at close quarters cannot but view the future with the gravest misgiving, with the prospect that the State may take over the instruments of production and distribution.

"Why is it that such writers as Mr. McConnell, and in the same issue Mr. Richards in 'A Cause Worth Fighting For', leave readers unsatisfied by the vaguest outline of the alternative? There never was a time in which enlightenment and direction were so necessary as today. Mr. McConnell says 'the danger is acute.' Heaven knows, the danger *is* acute, because we don't know what we really are fighting for. It's all so vague and so full of generalities. He speaks of a 'middle way', the 'unfinished task of the liberal age', the 'patient sifting of facts and tracing effects to a primary cause'. I could wish that Mr. McConnell would show your readers, and this writer in particular, if there *is* a practical middle way between the grave injustices and immoralities of the past and the no less threatening menace of collectivism of the future."

Plenty of Plans Already

His reference to generalities and to a "practical middle way" suggests that he wants Mr. McConnell to give him some specific proposals, a plan. But, actually, a plan is not what we need; there are plenty of plans already. Everybody has a plan, and everybody's plan is different from everybody else's. A plan by Mr. McConnell would be just one more. What we need, rather, is that people should *agree* on a plan or the basis of a plan; or let's say a program or policy.

If we don't like any of the plans or programs already made, we can easily hire a bunch of experts to make us a new one, perhaps a better one than Mr. McConnell could offer. But first, obviously, we must get some agreement on fundamentals, since without it no program would get anywhere. In his "vague generalities," Mr. McConnell was presenting some of these fundamentals, and that, I maintain, is a thoroughly worthwhile service.

As things are, we don't even know what we are trying to do, much less how to do it. In war, we want to destroy the enemy. What do we want to do in peace? Destroy poverty? One might suppose so, did not our actions suggest that what we are trying to destroy is wealth. We talk about making the poor richer, but direct ourselves to making the rich poorer, by "redistributing wealth." Does the way to the "brave new world" really lie in taking wealth away from those who have it and bringing everyone to a common level of insufficiency—or, perhaps, in so increasing the total production of goods and services that there is an ample supply for all? There can be riches for all of us if we choose. There is no limit to the amount of wealth that we can produce and enjoy, other than that imposed by lack of productive ability or of *will* to produce.

We've Proved We Can Produce

The war shows how much we can produce when we have the will. We have done it by concentrating on *production*, by over-riding all obstacles. Yet in peacetime we deliberately create obstacles to production, obstacles consisting of multitudinous and too-high taxes, of tariffs, foreign exchange restrictions, trade prohibitions, import and export quotas, minimum wage scales, and the like. We hobble private enterprise and complain that it does not step along as if it were free. The marvel is that we have made out as well as we have.

We really can make a brave new world if we want to; a world, in our time, in which there is no poverty. That is, we now have the technical ability, though not as yet the physical means, to produce goods and services in sufficient abundance to satisfy the needs of all. For the first time in man's history, we can have an economy of abundance instead of the economy of scarcity we have always had heretofore. Wonderful new materials, wonderful new sources of materials and energy that remove the basic reason for wars even while we are engaged in the greatest war in history; a new world of peace and plenty.

We can only gain that new world by going forward. Mr. McConnell attempted to show that the present trend to collectivism is retrograde.

quer, varnishes, inks, knit goods, sweaters, tobacco, rubber, lubricating oils and greases, kerosene fly and moth sprays, undertakers' specialties, shoe polish, metal polish, floor sweeping compounds and many others. They are used in ventilating fans, in theatre sprays and in incense.

Such industrial perfumes cost as little as 3 cents to $1.00 a pound while the most expensive essential oil for toilet perfumery, namely violet, costs $75 an ounce or $900 a pound. Soaps of the better class can afford to use perfumes up to about $5 a pound.

Perfumes containing about 2% of the odoriferous principle are termed "weak" while those of the "strong" variety contain as much as 10%. There are usually three parts to a perfume, the odoriferous part just mentioned (2% to 10%), a "fixative" part, (usually much less than 1%) and the balance a diluent to reduce the concentrate so as to bring it similar in strength to that of a flower. The diluent is usually alcohol and the fixative almost invariably one of three things, musk, civet or ambergris.

Musk is an exceedingly strong-smelling substance obtained from a sac about the size of an egg found under the skin of the abdomen of a male deer found only in Tibet and Manchuria. It has been found impossible to raise this deer in captivity. The sac contains only about an ounce of musk and before the present war was worth about $22. The disagreeable odor of musk disappears by aging it a few months in alcohol but it retains its fixative properties and is mixed with essential oil to make the delicate odor of the latter more lasting. A mordant does the same thing in the dye industry, that is gives the dye a more permanent or lasting quality.

Civet is obtained from the civet cat of Abyssinia and in its crude state is quite as disagreeable as musk, but treated in the same way it performs the same duty of being a fixative.

From Sick Whales

Ambergris is the vomit of a sick sperm whale, being made of a fluid that forms in the stomach of the whale to cover some foreign substance that cannot be digested, say like the sharp beak of a squid. The ambergris forms around the indigestible substance and is finally ejected from the mouth of the whale and washed ashore where it is found and brings fancy prices. Of course it may also be found in the stomach of a captured whale before it is excreted. Its fixative properties are very great and much prized and used in floral perfumes. A single "find" of ambergris has been known to sell for $10,000.

The amount of essential oil in a flower is exceedingly small, as many as 60,000 roses being used to produce a single ounce of absolute oil of roses. The most important centre for the extraction or production of essential oils before this war was at Grasse near Nice in southern France, on the shores of the Mediterranean amid huge surrounding flower producing areas. To this centre also came large quantities of imported plant parts like the dried leaves and roots from India and orris root from Italy. Some essential oils, however, cannot be obtained from the dried leaf or flower but are only obtained from the strictly fresh plant. In such cases the industry is quite seasonal, often no longer than two or three weeks in the entire year and the producer's distillery lies idle for the balance of the time.

On account of the fugitive propensity of essential oils, great care must be taken to keep the odor from getting away, the method in most general use being that of volatile solvents. The petals of, say the rose, are carefully separated and placed in a copper vessel with a petroleum ether that boils with very little heat. This dissolves out the essential oil and the solution is then carefully distilled so that the essential oil is completely separated from the ether.

Steam distillation, instead of solvents, may be used with some types of essential oils that are not so fugitive. Most essential oils are not soluble in water and thus the steam drives off the essence without mixing. This method is much used by the raisers of peppermint and spearmint.

A third method is pressure and is used in extracting the essential oil from orange, lemon and bergamot, the latter a small citrus fruit somewhat like lime.

A fourth method is enfluerage by which the separated petals of the flower are gently pressed upon warm fat, a fine grade of lard, which is spread on glass. The petals are removed daily and fresh ones placed again in the same way until the lard has become saturated with all the essential oil that it will absorb. The lard is then scraped off and stored in a cool cellar. At this stage it is called pomade and was formerly used as such especially by the male dandies of the last century who were much given to plastering their hair with it. By further processing of this pomade with alcohol which dissolves out the essential oil and then again careful distillation, complete separation is obtained. The process is very delicate as the gentle warmth applied to the lard may cause it to become rancid. In addition the process requires much labor and handwork.

Floral perfumes imitate single flowers; fancy or bouquet perfumes are combinations and it is in this latter type that some perfumers have made their names famous by devising original, secret and attractive formulas. Some people also have the perfumer "study their individuality" and make up an exclusive perfume presumably to correspond to it. In this case the sky and the vanity of the individual are the limits as to the price that the perfumer may ask. We also have perfumes with very fancy or seductive titles with more imagination in the name than merit in the product.

Synthetic Odors

Of course the scientist can now produce synthetically practically any natural odor and he can also so juggle the molecule that many new odors are now made that did not exist in nature at all.

Toilet waters are a special class of perfumes noted for their refreshing qualities, the most popular being lavender water, eau de cologne and Florida water. They are extremely soothing but their lasting qualities are very fleeting.

Then we have the great use of essential oils in flavors and flavorings for cooking, for refreshing drinks, candies, chewing gums, syrups, dental pastes and medicines. Vanilla is probably the best known of all and the most used, after which the most popular are three of the seven or eight flavors which we heard so much about over the radio and were the subject of many a verbal bout between Jack Benny and Don Wilson, namely, orange, lemon and lime.

Practically all natural flavors can now be made synthetically and in some cases are superior to the natural ones because all synthetic flavors are chemically pure. Thus we have the synthetic oil of grapes, synthetic oil of rum, an artificial oil of sassafras used in root beers, candies and herb tonics, a synthetic flavor vying with oil of cinnamon, another duplicating the oil of wintergreen and many others. The characteristic odoriferous flavor of butter made from sour cream is now made synthetically and used under strict regulations of the Pure Food Law.

In short, what nature does laboriously and through a long period of time, man can now do synthetically and in a very short time and the trend is, as has been the case of all other synthetics, an increasingly better product, lower prices and a more stabilized market than when the supply depended upon climate, soil and freedom from pests that seem at one time or another to attack all natural growth. The synthetic industry of "essential oil" is flourishing and spreading much more abundantly than the proverbial green bay tree.

The Worm's Turn

T'was "Yes Sir" this and "Yes Sir" that up until late last year;
A meeker yes-man never lived nor yessed his boss in fear.
But now he is in Ottawa in a war-time bureau
And struts his stuff, puffs out his chest, and tells his old boss "No!"

NICK.

A vital munition of war is the flax these British Land Girls in Essex are gathering. Much is used in the material for parachute harness.

MANUFACTURERS ... Are You Making War Material?

Borrow at the Bank, if necessary, to speed up your production for Canada's war effort.

Despite general Government financing of war projects, there are many "in-between" credit needs where the Bank can be and wishes to be helpful.

Whether you make bullets or beds, cannon or caps, shells or shoes, for our forces—you are welcome to bring your credit problems to the attention of our nearest branch manager.

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Modern, Experienced Banking Service ... *the Outcome of 124 Years' Successful Operation*

A158

TODAY tremendous things must be brought about with speed, accuracy and ingenuity. Still greater accomplishments will be expected from the boys and girls—now in classrooms—studying for their chosen fields.

But if something happened to you now, ... would that be the end of a promising career for your son or daughter? Let a Great-West Life man show you how Educational Policies make certain that your children will be equipped to take their places in a better world.

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HIGH TAXES..

BUT WHY OVERTAX YOURSELF?

In these strenuous times you are probably glad to be relieved of as many burdensome details as possible.

If you would like to be spared the task of calculating your Income Tax and preparing your final Return, simply turn the matter over to us—we are well qualified to handle this for you, at very little cost.

All we need from you are a few essential facts and figures and we will do the rest—advising you of the payments that you are required to make.

Besides the time and annoyance that we can save you, our services may help you to avoid overpayments or the penalties resulting from underpayments —well worth the small fee involved.

You are invited to get in touch with us, at your earliest convenience.

FIRST QUARTERLY PAYMENT DUE 15th OCTOBER, 1942

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THE FILM PARADE

Mary Lowrey Ross is recognized as one of the ablest as well as one of the wittiest of film reviewers. Her comment on the current cinema is an outstanding feature of every SATURDAY NIGHT.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

INT. HYDRO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I noticed in reading the plan of liquidation of International Hydro-Electric System that it was stated that the company's future was precarious. I do not think this term properly applies to the position of the debenture-holders, which is what I am interested in. Does not most of the company's income come from Gatineau Power? I would be pleased to have your comments.

—D. L. P., Outremont, Que.

I don't think there is any room for argument over the statement that International Hydro-Electric System's future is precarious if there is no liquidation. The fact that it is can plainly be seen in the System's profit and loss statement for the six months ended June 30 last. For revenues accruing to the holding company failed by an amount of $337,001 to cover expenses and interest and other charges. In other words, out of interest of $979,040 on the debentures, only $460,000 was earned for the half-year.

Out of total income for the period of $551,823, dividends from Gatineau Power Company, most of whose stock is held by the System, covered the major part, the net in U.S. funds amounting to $330,592. The actual dividend payments by Gatineau, it is interesting to note, amounted to $431,714. Out of this, an amount of $84,757 represented "taxes withheld at source," and $36,364, the "cost of conversion to U.S. dollars." Other dividends brought in $41,120, and interest from subsidiary companies most of the balance, an amount of $170,674.

The loss for the half-year increased the deficit at June 30 to $10,832,261. The consolidated statement showed total revenue (for all subsidiaries) of $40,590,924, with a final net loss of $55,376, and deficit as at June 30, 1942, of $1,301,433. At June 30, undeclared cumulative dividends on the preferred stock amounted to $3,977,547.

MACJOE STURGEON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Macjoe Sturgeon is, I believe, about to distribute its assets. Have you any details, and also I would like a little information regarding the company which purchased its property?

—L. C. D., Woodstock, N.B.

Yes, MacJoe Sturgeon is now prepared to distribute its assets and this will likely amount to a little over one cent per share. Send your certificates to the company, 67 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The property was purchased by Sturgeon River Gold Mines, which it adjoins on the north and west. I have heard of no plans for immediate development of the new ground, and about 2,000 feet of crosscutting will be required to develop the claims from the deeper Sturgeon River workings. Work several years

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: Stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area some months ago and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April low points to July, August and September highs. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

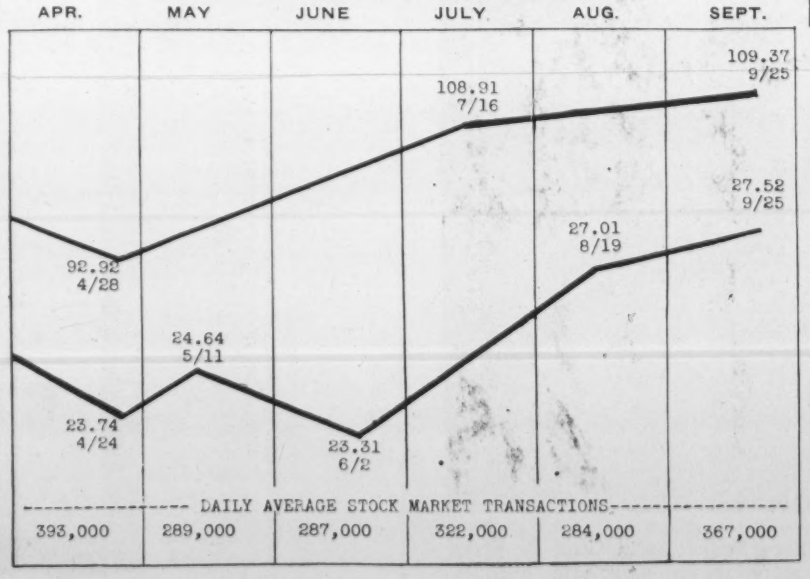
INTERVALS OF PRICE RECESSION NORMALLY PUNCTUATE AN ADVANCE

From April into September stock prices, as reflected by the Dow-Jones industrial average have registered the most sustained advance since 1940. This move has been abetted by moderate relaxation in the tax bill as it has been debated in the American Senate, following the stiff U.S. Treasury demands on corporations and the drastic schedules adopted by the House of Congress. War news, to the contrary, has not been too favorable.

While in the advance to date no evidences have appeared to suggest an area of intermediate distribution, investors must, nevertheless, recognize that any advancing movement is punctuated by intervals of price recession. Such a recession could easily develop out of the current strength. Its normal limits would be around the 98/102 level on the Dow-Jones industrials. An actual testing of the April lows of 92 on any such recession cannot be precluded as a technical possibility, however, based upon the not infrequent habits of stocks, after the making of an important bottom, returning to such levels before finally going into a dynamic advance.

Curiously enough one of the two occasions, in the past forty-two years, when the stock market, preceding a major advance, failed to make such a double bottom, was the 1918-19 bull swing starting immediately following our readjustment to World War I. In that instance the market bottomed in December 1917, rallied 24%, lost three-eighths of that gain, and then proceeded on into new high territory for a two-year advance.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Assets Exceed $66,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 223

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1942 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 2nd November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1942. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT
General Manager

Toronto, 15th September 1942

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of October, 1942.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 2nd day of November to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of October, 1942.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 16th day of November to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of November, 1942.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, September 21, 1942.

Guaranty Trust COMPANY OF CANADA

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

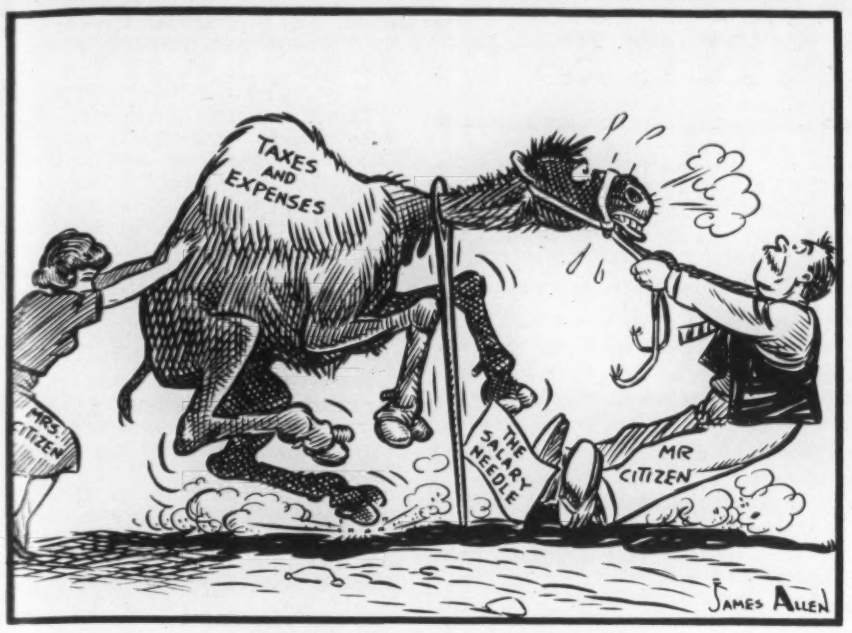
NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1¼%, being at the rate of 5% per annum on the paid-in capital stock of the Company, has been declared for the quarter year ending Sept. 30th, 1942 payable Oct. 15th, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business Sept. 30th, 1942.

By order of the Board.

J. WILSON BERRY,
GENERAL MANAGER

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.



A STRUGGLE, BUT IT'S WORTH IT!

ago disclosed narrow veins but diamond drilling failed to indicate commercial lengths.

Sturgeon River has been producing for six years. It is a narrow vein, high-grade operation, milling around 70 tons daily. A small loss was reported last year due to difficult operating conditions, labor and supplies becoming harder to secure. The ore position is good and development chances favorable. The shaft is being deepened to establish three new levels. One dividend payment a year is made on the basis of earnings in the previous twelve months, and two cents were paid April last.

ASBESTOS CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate your opinion of the stability of dividend payments of Asbestos Corporation Ltd., also a note as to current volume of business, if you have the information. I believe the company's finances are much stronger than they were some years ago; am I correct in this? Thanks.

—C.B.J., Winnipeg, Man.

The current yield on Asbestos Corporation common is 6½ per cent, at a price of 18½. The company continues to pay dividends at the rate of $1.20 a share annually, 80 cents regular and 40 cents extra. Last year earnings per share were $1.24 and for 1940, $1.21, which certainly does not provide much margin of coverage. I have no information as to the current rate of earnings, but the company is doing a heavy volume of business and seems entirely likely to continue doing so. Last April, at the annual meeting, President R. W. Steele stated that shipments were running close to productive capacity and that the mines were fairly well sold out for the balance of the year.

As regards taxation, which no doubt you have in mind, the company is fortunate in that it established substantial profits in the "standard" period of 1936-39. For that reason, its current earnings do not bring it within the 100 per cent excess profits regulations. In 1941, income taxes amounted to $455,000, an increase of $220,000 over 1940.

Yes, the company's finances are much stronger than they were; working capital has risen by $1,266,000 or 80 per cent in four years.

HARD ROCK

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I hear that Hard Rock Gold Mines is considering the commercial production of arsenic. Is this likely to mean much of an increase in profit? A brief comment as to production and earnings this year will be appreciated.

—E. H. L., Arnprior, Ont.

Yes, I understand Hard Rock Gold Mines is endeavoring to ascertain the possibilities in the commercial production of arsenic and has made test shipments to the United States. While a considerable demand for arsenic has been reported recently it is not likely the profit from this by-product would be large, as some capital expenditure would probably be necessary. The production of arsenic, however, should place Hard Rock among the gold mines producing a wartime product and thus ease the labor and supply burden if it becomes more acute.

During the first six months' of the current year, production and earnings were at a slightly higher rate than in the preceding fiscal period. Output for the half year was $608,385, from the milling of 68,319 tons, an average of $8.77 per ton. Net profit after all charges amounted to 3.26 cents per share, as compared with 5.03 cents in the 10 months ended December 31, 1941.

Since July, 1942, the company has been subject to increased taxation and if profits in the last half of the year equal the first, there will be a substantial increase in Dominion taxes. The shaft is being deepened to around 1,500 feet to open six new levels, and four new stations have already been cut at 150-foot intervals, but officials state that the labor situation is becoming increasingly difficult.

SACHIGO RIVER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Could you kindly advise me when the assets of Sachigo River Exploration Co., Ltd., will be distributed? Will income tax have to be paid on this?

—G. J. B., Dauphin, Man.

Sachigo River Exploration Co., Ltd., has just announced that a final distribution of assets is to be made on September 28th, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 21st. The assets to be disbursed will consist of the capital distribution of approximately $4.56 per share and profit distribution of 90 cents per share.

Pursuant to the Income War Tax Act, there will be deducted 5 per cent of the profit payable to residents of Canada; 15 per cent of the profit payable to residents of the United States and 15 per cent of the profits payable to residents of the United Kingdom. There will be no deduction from the capital portion of the distribution.

MR. LEE TALLEY, Vice-President of The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, formerly located in the Company's General Offices, Toronto, with supervision over the Company's merchandising and advertising programmes, has taken up residence in Montreal as a General Office executive of his Company, where he will continue to handle duties of a General Office nature.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

STEEP Rock Iron Mines in North Western Ontario is finally believed to be on the way toward production on an important scale. The Canadian Government has recognized the importance of having a producer of high grade iron ore established in the centre of the country. Accordingly, through the Canadian National Railway, a spur-line of six miles is to be built from Atikokan to the mine. Also docks and loading facilities are to be erected at Port Arthur. Altogether, it is estimated the government will provide from $2,000,000 to $2,500,000 in smoothing the way for the commencement of production of iron.

•

There are scores of millions of high grade iron ore indicated on the Steep Rock Mine. In event of continuation of the war over a further long period, the ore from these deposits might become vital to the entire war machine of the United Nations, more particularly here in North America.

•

Dividends coming from gold mining enterprises have declined sharply in Canada. Of the 72 companies making distributions formerly the records for 1942 show 16 of these have ceased to make any disbursements while a further 28 have been compelled to reduce their rates of payments,—a total of 44 thereby showing the scars of war. On the brighter side, 19 of the gold mines have been able to maintain their former performances; 2 have resumed paying dividends after having been off the list for some time; 4 have increased their rate of disbursements; and two have been able to pay their initial dividends.

•

MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines has become a serious victim of wartime regulations. It was announced through SATURDAY NIGHT on September 19 that the mill enlargement from 700 tons per day to over 1,000 tons daily was being completed but that Ottawa had refused permission for the scale of operations to be increased beyond the old rate of 700 tons. On making a further survey of the situation it is found that the company applied for and secured permission to erect the necessary buildings and instal the required machinery to raise capacity about 50 per cent,—or from 700 to about 1,050 tons per day. In order to carry out this program, it is estimated that about $750,000 was spent, of which two-thirds went for equipment and construction and one-third on necessary development to take care of such an increase. It is now recognized that provided the government found it necessary to drastically alter the intent of the consent given, there should also be consideration given to the question of some relief from the expenditures involved. This could be met to some extent by the government making some concession in write-offs allowable, thereby offsetting to some extent the idle investment of upwards of $500,000.

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The first trans-Canada highway is to be completed within the next few weeks. Only a few miles now remain to be completed, this remaining link being at a point about 70 miles east of Geraldton in Northern Ontario. Already an occasional motor car is being hauled by the contractors through the unfinished section. Thus, motor travel across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific will become established at precisely the same time as the new Alaskan Highway also connects southern Canada and the United States with Alaska by way of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon Territory to the subarctic.

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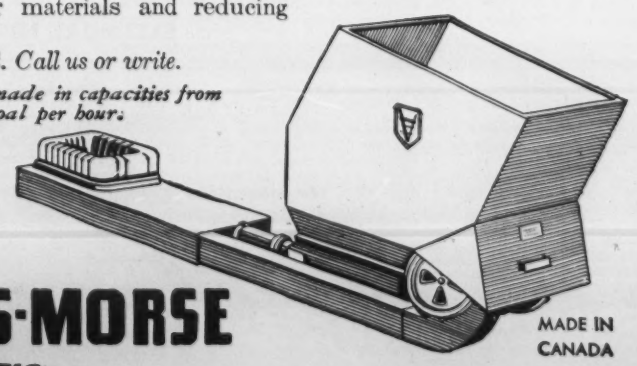

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42-18

About Insurance

Life Insurance an Anti-Inflationary Industry

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Dollars paid for life insurance are dollars saved and not spent, and, as the curtailment of spending has become an urgent necessity if the cost of living is to be kept within reasonable bounds, they have a bearing on the national economy the importance of which is not always recognized.

In another way these life insurance dollars also do double duty at the present time. They represent money stored up which will be available to help cushion the shocks of financial readjustment for individuals after the war, while in the meantime they mostly go to the Government for the purchase of bonds to aid in bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

AS PROVISION for the enormous costs of the war must be made by the people out of their earnings and the reservoirs of their savings, the exercise of thrift and economy on the part of every section of the population has become of prime importance to the nation. It is not perhaps generally realized that the life insurance companies through the daily operations of their representatives are the greatest and most active single force in the country engaged in selling the thrift idea to the people, and, after selling it, making it stay sold.

Not only does every dollar placed in life insurance put a damper on spending to that extent and thus on inflation, and is a dollar stored up to cushion the financial shocks of the economic readjustments which are bound to follow the war, but the greater part of every dollar of premium goes back to the Government for the purchase of War Bonds. Every premium dollar thus performs a double duty, in that while helping to provide for the financial security of the individual it is also helping to provide for the security of the country as a whole. Therefore, the greater the amount of money directed into the purchase of life insurance, the greater the security of the individual buyers not only in the future but in the present against a ruinous rise in the cost of living as a result of a runaway inflation, should present measures to stabilize prices, wages and salaries prove ineffective; and likewise the greater the security of the nation itself in its financing of the war effort.

Morale Builder

In the winning of the war, which is undoubtedly the principal concern of every loyal citizen, the maintenance of a high state of national morale is essential. It is well known that the ownership of a suitable amount of life insurance imparts confidence and courage to the insured and gives him and his family a sense of security, which, without other resources of a substantial nature, would be missing. It goes without saying that family security is one of the foundations of national morale in a time of emergency.

There is no doubt that the huge and increasing war expenditures have caused fear in some quarters of a serious impairment in the purchasing power of the dollar. Such a fear has been given as a reason for not buying life insurance. In the minds of some people there appears to be a firm conviction that the borrowing and spending of money by the federal government in such large amounts is bound to cause a diminution in the purchasing power of the monetary unit. But whether there will be such an effect does not depend upon the amount put into the hands of the people through government spending, but depends upon what the people do with the money after they receive it.

In a recent statement on the subject of inflation, Mr. Stephen M. Foster, economic adviser of the New York Life Insurance Company, pointed out that if the people spend the money they receive as fast as they can spend it, then the people's expenditures added to the government's expenditures, will bring about a demand for goods and services far greater than the volume of goods and services that are available for purchase. And in that case, as he says, the price of goods and services will almost inevitably go up.

Inflation Offset

But if, as he intimates, while the government is of necessity spending colossal sums of money, the people of the country can be induced to refrain from spending their whole incomes on current living expenses and luxuries, then the enforced inflationary action of the government will be more or less offset by the deflationary action of the people, and there will be no inflation or rise in the cost of living to speak of.

In countries like Canada and the United States where the standard of living is high and includes automobiles, radios, theatres, comfortable homes, good clothes and plenty of food, there is indubitably a great opportunity for a reduction in both personal and business expenditures. Whether the reduction results from higher tax levies, or the voluntary purchase of war bonds, war savings certificates and life insurance, or the inability to spend money on motor cars and tires, makes no great difference so far as the effect on inflation is concerned. But it does make a difference to the individual and his family whether he puts his savings into a safe investment or not.

Our government at Ottawa is now responsible for creating and spending a very large proportion of our national income. During the 1941 fiscal year expenditures by all governmental bodies in Canada, federal, provincial and municipal for non-war purposes, were estimated at about $1.15 billions, Canada's direct war expenditures from $1.30 to $1.45 billions, and Canada's assistance to Great Britain less our unfavorable balance of payments on current account with the United States at about $750 millions, an over all total of about $3.3 billions. Against a national income of $6 billions, this means that over 55 per cent represented spending by governments for all purposes and about 37 per cent for war alone. Comparable figures for 1940 were 38 per cent and 16 per cent, and for 1939, 31 per cent and 4 per cent.

Impact on Economy

This shows the magnitude of the impact of war on our national economy, and the necessity of private economy and savings to offset the tremendous financial requirements of the government. Only by skimping our spending to the bone, paying our taxes, buying war securities and life insurance, paying off our debts, accumulating cash, can our personal consumption be brought down to the point which will enable the government to finance the war without undue strain and without the ills of inflation and unbearable economic hardship.

Life insurance is one of the strongest bulwarks of the democratic system of government against the insidious encroachments of fascism or nazi-ism or any other delusive "ism" seeking a foothold here, and by increasing their sales at the present time the life insurance companies further strengthen that bulwark by inducing people to defer their current expenditure in favor of building up the security of themselves and their dependents for the future.

Without doubt there never was a time when the efforts of the life insurance companies and their representatives were more essential to the welfare of the country as a whole. While paying heavy taxes on their business to the government, they are also the largest purchasers of government war bonds, and through the efforts of their sales forces they are instrumental in the sale of a very large volume of these bonds to the general public.

At the same time they are making increased efforts to sell additional amounts of life insurance. In doing so they are making a further contribution to the public good, because through the sale of life insurance they induce people to forego the pleasure of present expenditures at a time when expenditures are not in the public interest, in favor of future expenditures, either by themselves or their families, at a time when such expenditures will be beneficial to the country as a whole as well as to the individual spenders.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I understand that a certain amount of the proceeds of life insurance policies is exempt from tax under the Succession Duty Act, and also that a certain proportion of the policy moneys may be collected from the insurance companies without having to notify the Succession Duty Department. Any information you can give me about this matter will be appreciated.

—G. H. B., Victoria, B.C.

There are two Succession Duty Acts now to be complied with, the Dominion Act and the Provincial Act. Under the Dominion Succession Act there is no exemption from tax of the proceeds of life insurance policies, but under the British Columbia Succession Duty Act the first $25,000 of aggregate insurance moneys is exempt from tax if payable to surviving father, mother, spouse, child, grandchild or child's spouse.

Under the Dominion Act any insurance company may make payment of an amount not exceeding $1,500 without the consent of the Minister provided notice of such payment is transmitted forthwith to the Minister, and under a ruling notice is not required for payments not exceeding $600. Under the B.C. Act, an amount not exceeding 70 per cent of the total proceeds of any claim may be paid without notifying the Succession Duty Department or securing a release. Under a ruling, an amount not exceeding $3,000 may be paid without securing a release when payable to preferred beneficiaries, but in this case the Department must be notified. The Department has stated that under this ruling payment may be made up to $3,000 on each policy.

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Prepare Now to Make Economic Aims Effective

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

While, obviously, it is difficult to define political war aims while the war is on, there is no comparable difficulty in framing the economic aims and in defining the basic economic means.

What is there to stop the United States and Great Britain from deciding now how the Lend-Lease settlement shall be arranged?

SINCE the Atlantic Charter was signed a great many words have been poured out to fill the bare shape decided on by the leaders of the United States and Great Britain. Official and semi-official spokesmen, faced with an obvious urgency for some sort of statement of war aims have, very naturally, found it much easier to talk of economic war aims than of political ones. And those whose main concern is with politics, but who are aware of the limits of prudence, have found it convenient to approach the subject indirectly, through the medium of economics. A certain sort of economic aim must imply a certain sort of political aim.

It is therefore instructive to discover that there is a wide divergence of view as to what sort of economic set-up we should have after the war. Chiefly, the gap is between the "free-traders" and the "protectionists", though the former would hate to hear themselves called free-traders, since they protest that they are aware of the need for the possibly long-term retention of various monetary and trade controls, and the latter would be inclined to sue at hearing themselves called protectionists, for they protest their understanding of the fundamental need for the greatest freedom of trade in a world governed by the principles of economic emancipation outlined in the Atlantic Charter.

On the ultimate intention all are agreed. The standard of living and the standard of liberty must be raised. Even on the basic means there is no argument. Production must be increased, the availability of markets must be de-restricted, the lumber of dead economic-nationalist thinking must be cleared away.

It is in the different ideas as to the means to these ends that the clue to some profound differences of social and political ideas is contained. Hitler, it may be remembered, used to speak of a Nazi economic program which should confer on the German people benefits identical with those claimed by Karl Marx for his system. But the Nazi economic method was sharply at variance with the Communistic method. That is the classic example of allegedly common aims and patently divergent means, and it underlines the inescapable fact that the means determine the end.

So, therefore, when we hear it said —as we do very often—that the means to a glorious end in freedom is the retention of the slave-links of economic nationalism, we may well be doubtful not only of the feasibility of the plan but also of the seriousness of the proposer. The publication recently by important British trade federations of their views showed better than any independent critique could do the inevitable contradiction which such loose thinking involves.

A useful addition to RAF flying equipment in Egypt is this captured German "Storch" monoplane. It can take off or land within 50 yards.

Decide on Means

All the talk about economic aims was about an undreamed of freedom, wherein every source of wealth should be equally open to all comers and wherein the individual components should be levelled in a strict justice. But the talk about the means was talk of exchange control, of "temporary" trade restrictions, of "necessitous" tariff protections. Out of the strong came forth sweetness, but no miracle can bring white out of black.

There is need, then, if the Allied Nations are to speak a common language in the matter of economic aims, for a decision on the necessary means as well as on the obvious (so obvious as to be trite) ends. The London *Economist* has dealt recently with the question of the need for "controls and devices" and has urged that they cannot be regarded as alternatives to freer trade and restored investment. That so obvious a truth should have to be enunciated by a journal whose circulation is in the knowledgeable and influential circles is significant. A schoolboy would not argue that controls and devices can serve as alternatives to their opposites.

But it is surely also necessary to indicate the limits of the operation of controls even in their capacity as medicines for the ills which the war will leave behind it. There will be big questions of Lend-Lease compensation, and of war and post-war relief measures, to be decided later on. The great danger is that the curative apparatus will develop into machinery which, bearing the beast-mark of its parentage, will not be radically dissimilar from the hopelessly bad international economics which preceded and in some measure caused the war.

Atmosphere Favorable

This is not a bad time in which to make up our minds. If only the hope and the ideal are expressed now and the modus operandi left for decision after the war is won and the battle of the peace is begun the chances of the success of the new humanitarian approach to economic questions will not be so rosy. In defining political aims there is always a vast difficulty while the war is actually on. But there is no comparable difficulty in framing the economic aims, and in defining the basic economic means.

What is there to stop the United States and Great Britain from deciding now how the Lend-Lease settlement shall be arranged? President Roosevelt has spoken well of the need for realism. He has denied the "pound of flesh" obsession which disturbed Anglo-American relations after the last war and doubtless helped to delay America's participation in the present one. Surely now some reasonably precise agreement on means can be achieved? So, too, with the vital business of "relief". Post-war relief to Europe is going to involve big financial and economic questions, and we know enough now about their inevitable nature to decide the general terms of their settlement.

It is of absolutely vital importance that we should not neglect the opportunity which the exalted communion of war has provided. We say and mean things now which we shall find it more difficult to say and mean when the crucible of war has cooled, and reactionary psychology tries desperately hard to take its accustomed place. The opinions formed in the inspiration of a war against tyranny must not be allowed to lose their force. When we speak of economic freedom let us without delay give effect to our words by a solemn covenant to decide action later on. When we talk of the need for a new realism wherein the tragedy of post-1918 international finance cannot be enacted, let us forthwith lay out the stage and prepare the scene as minutely as possible. Then we cannot act either a farce or a tragedy when the curtain rises.

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